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SIXPENCE.

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THE CAPTIVES: GERMAN PRISONERS UNDER FRENCH GUARD.

Many thousands of German prisoners are now in the hands of the French, not to mention the large numbers captured by the Russians and our own forces. In the coming campaigns this year it may be expected that such scenes as that here illustrated will be more and more frequent. In this connection we may recall Mr. John Buchan's description of a large batch of German prisoners taken by the British. "It was impossible to keep from wondering whether the martial spirit of these men was on a level with their physique

and obvious good training. Whole companies of them had been 'rounded up.' Scarcely 1 in 50 had any sort of wound. They seemed actually relieved to be prisoners . . . It is difficult to conceive of British or French troops accepting the position quite in this way. . . . Even if she (Germany) has the numbers of men, has she still enough of the kind of men she wants? Her stalwarts of the first line have now for the most part found graves in Flanders and Champagne and the far-away Polish levels."

LITERATURE.

Our Fighting Services. "Our Fighting Services" (Cassell) is a study of English and British history from the standpoint of a soldier; the author is Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who, it may be recalled in this connection, took part in the Crimean War rather more than sixty years ago. More than seventy authorities, including Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Messrs. Cassell, the publishers, have been consulted; there are ten photogravures, many plans, and more than six hundred pages; but it is impossible, with the best will in the world, to suggest that the guinea asked for the book could not be laid out to far better advantage. It is only here and there that we can find something that a good history of England would not include; but there may be those who wish to read the history of the last nine hundred years in the light of war, and certainly the book eliminates nearly everything else. Glimpses of naval history remind us that Sir Evelyn knows something of the sea: he points out that the Navy began when the Wardens of the Cinque Ports were appointed and expected to furnish fifty-two vessels carrying twelve hundred men in times of national emergency. Later on, he says that King Henry VII. "founded practically the basis of our fleets." The two statements appear to be slightly at variance one with another. It is interesting to read that during the Peninsular War the Opposition of the day opposed the votes of thanks to Wellington and the Army for victories at Talavera and elsewhere. A good definition by von Hardegg is quoted: "If the General may be regarded as representing the head of a human body, the Staff may be justly compared to the nerves which convey the volition from the head to the different members." The Field-Marshal tells us that after 1842, when the Duke of Wellington resumed command of the Army, he used to ride to the War Office regularly every morning, and sleep in his arm-chair until it was time to return to Apsley House. Comment might set in motion the Defence of the Realm Act. He tells us it was the French General Bosquet who, seeing the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, remarked "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre." What, we may wonder, would he have said of the charges at Gallipoli and Suvla Bay? Two-thirds of the book carry the history of battles to the Conquest of Scinde (1843); the rest of the volume carries the narrative to 1902 and the close of the South African War. Many of the campaigns have found a lasting record in these pages, and this section of the work has more interest to the general reader; but the sense of proportion that devotes an equal number of pages to the Zulu War of 1879 and the South African War of 1899-1902 is, one ventures to think, at fault.

Looking at the book as a whole, the reader will not fail to note, first, the author's keen sense of pride in military achievement—the suggestion that glory and war are interchangeable terms; and, secondly, the appalling increase in the price paid for victory or defeat. For example, the total losses of the British Army at Tel-el-Kebir numbered 339. On Spion Kop, from Jan. 19 to 24, 1900, the total British casualties were 87 officers and 1800 other ranks; at Omdurman the British Division had 175 casualties; at Ulundi (Zulu War, 1879) we had 18 killed and 85 wounded. "Losses!" said a young Russian officer who came with a flag of truce after the assault on Sevastopol had developed; "you don't know what the word means." Russia's losses had reached a figure between 1000 and 1500 a day. We are left wondering whether the common-sense of the world will decide that the world-war now engaging us must be the last.

A Poet-Soldier at the Front. There is no lachrymose sentimentality about Patrick MacGill's war word-pictures, but a keen realisation of the pity and horror which go to the making of tragedy. His descriptions of life in the trenches and death in the open are vividly realistic, but not with calculated coarseness. For those who, in the welter of conflicting details, cannot gain a clear idea of the actualities of the life of our soldiers, "The Red Horizon" (Herbert Jenkins) will help to solve many doubts, and blend kaleidoscopic ideas into a comprehensible picture. It is for the light which it throws upon the private soldier that this volume will be valued. Patrick MacGill testifies of that which he has seen and shared. Every page teems with incident, from the crude humour of the troglodyte life of the trenches to the horror of shattering shell or deadly bullet. And there are passages of beauty, pathos, and broad humanity. Many preconceived ideas of war are shattered. Bayonet-charges are discussed: "They were a bit 'ot, but nothin' much to write 'ome about. Not much stickin' of men. You just 'ops out of your trench and rush stick and roar like 'ell. The Germans fire and then run off, and it's all over." An impression of a village church is given: "The whole place breathed war, not in the splendid whirlwind rush of men mad in the wild enthusiasm of battle, but in silent yearning, heartfelt sorrow, and great bravery—the bravery of women who remain at home." Here is a conclusion of the author: "War is rather a dull game, not that blood-curdling, dashing, mad, sabre-clashing thing that is seen in pictures, and which makes one fearful for the soldier's safety. There is so much of the 'everlastin' waitin' on an everlastin' road.'" A fine tribute is paid to the women of France: "What heroism and fortitude animates them in every shell-shattered village from Souchez to the sea! . . . The plough and sickle are symbols of peace and power in the hands of the women of France in a land where men destroy and women build." A notable book this, instinct with actuality and stamped with the authority of the man who knows.

Camille Desmoulin. The pathetic story of Camille Desmoulin has been told once more by Miss Violet Methley in "Camille Desmoulin: A Biography" (Martin Secker). The book is a popular memoir, with all the disadvantages of that kind of writing; but it has an orderly plan, and it is evidently based on considerable reading, although of strict historical method it is entirely innocent. In point of style, it affords another proof of the depths of neglect to which the mere technique of English writing has sunk. Paragraphs one-sentence long abound; and as these paragraphs

sentences are usually short, the effect is disquieting. As for any art of composition, there is none. The statements follow one another with a matter-of-fact baldness worthy of the severest modern school of history; and had the book been at all critical and properly related to its authorities, it might have acquired merit with the apostles of the unadorned. Despite these faults, it will serve its purpose, which is to give moderately informed people a moderately clear idea of an historical figure, and to give it with the least possible mental effort. So poor Camille passes in review once again from his birth at Guise to his heart-breaking end thirty-three years later. The fiercest journalist of the Revolution was something of a monomaniac, drunken with the idea of recreating in his own person the ideals of the ancients. Chance made him a leader for a moment, and, by some horrid irony, used him as the earliest instrument of the popular revolt. Through his career runs a thread of tenderly human romance—his love for his wife and his infant child. It was the knowledge of what his condemnation meant to them that made his last appearance so pitiable. At the last moment, it is true, he regained sufficient firmness to die with some composure. Danton, sublime in death, rebuked his fellow-sufferer, and gave the wretched Camille a moment of strength. But Desmoulin was scarcely worthy of the Dantonists at the last. Yet it is not ours to cast stones, for he had the vivid and sensitive imagination that dies a thousand deaths by anticipation. His misery was increased by the knowledge that a fate similar to his own even then threatened his wife, Lucile Duplessis. He learned this during his trial, and the news threw him into a frenzy. He tore up his defence, clung to his seat, and had to be forcibly removed from the hall. Miss Methley plods conscientiously through all the familiar details. At the last, in describing Lucile at the guillotine, she achieves sentiment without sentimentality. And her estimate of Camille, if conventional, is sufficiently just. It is, however, indicative of the character and calibre of this memoir that the writer should call her hero the Peter Pan of the French Revolution.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

FICTION.

- The Trimmed Lamp. O. Henry. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 The Adventures of Lieut. Lawless. R.N. Rolf Bennett. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Faith Treason. Eden Phillpotts. 6s. - (Ward, Lock.)
 The Greater Glory. Evelyn Orchard. 2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 The Stranger's Wedding. W. L. George. 6s. - (Fisher Unwin.)
 Introducing William Allison. William Hewlett. 6s. - (Martin Secker.)
 In the High Woods. Theodore Goodridge Roberts. 6s. - (Long.)
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 The Honey Pot. Countess Barcynska. 6s. - (Hurst and Blackett.)
 Straws Upon the Water. F. Thicknesse-Woodington. 6s. - (Allen.)
 Mol Davis. Bernard Capes. 6s. - (Allen.)
 Security. Ivor Brown. 6s. - (Martin Secker.)
 Youth Unconquerable. Percy Ross. 6s. - (Heinemann.)
 The Mist Pool. Cecil Adair. 6s. - (Stanley Paul.)
 A Raw Youth. Fyodor Dostoevsky. 4s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
 Some There Are. Gertrude Page. 6s. - (Hurst and Blackett.)
 The White Sin. F. C. Philips and Rowland Strong. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
 Love at Second Sight. Ada Leverton. 6s. - (Grant Richards.)
 These Lynnekers. J. D. Beresford. 6s. - (Cassell.)
 The Borderer. Harold Bindloss. 6s. - (Ward, Lock.)
 The Border Line. Irene Burn. 6s. - (Chapman and Hall.)
 Bentley's Conscience. Paul Trent. 6s. - (Ward, Lock.)
 Behind the Curtain. Max Pemberton. 6s. - (Nash.)
 Private Pinkerton, Millionaire. Harold Ashton. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent.)
 The Duel. Alexander Kuprin. 6s. - (Allen and Unwin.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Log of H.M.S. "Bristol," May 1914, to December 1915. William Buchan. 4s. net. (Westminster Press.)
 Canada in Flanders: Vol. I. of the Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Sir Max Aitken, M.P. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Sleeping Sickness: A Record of Four Years' War Against It in the Island of Principe. B. F. Brito da Costa, J. F. Sant' Anna, A. C. dos Santos, and M. G. do Araujo Alvares. 7s. 6d. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox.)
 A Frenchwoman's Notes on the War. Claire De Pratz. 6s. (Constable.)
 Nelson's History of the War. Vol. X. John Buchan. - (Nelson.)
 The Mistress of All Work. J. G. Sime. 1s. net. - (Methuen.)
 The Songs of a Sentimental Blarke. C. J. Dennis. 3s. 6d. (Angus and Robertson.)
 Peeps into the Psychic World. M. MacDermot Crawford. 3s. 6s. net. (Nash.)
 The Epic of Dixmude. Charles Le Goffic. 3s. 6d. net. - (Heinemann.)
 Moods and Memories. Mark Hyam. 2s. - (Allen and Unwin.)

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Dark Forest."

In the first reading of "The Dark Forest" (Martin Secker) — and it demands more than one—the oddity that here is an English novel in the bones and body of a Russian one elbows itself to the front. It is an amazing discovery to find Mr. Hugh Walpole so saturated with the Russian atmosphere that from its method his book might have been written by Dostoyevsky, or even, towards the mystic end, by Sologub. Is this the secret of being in Russia, or of being up to the mark in Russian literature? We take it that Mr. Walpole's sensitive creative powers take the impression of the circumstances in which his books are conceived. He could not write a book dealing, as we think he is dealing, with first-hand experience of Russians without falling into the misty melancholies, the sentences tailing away into a dotted line, the exact and yet elusive simplicity with which the Russian novelists have set on paper their masterpieces. These things are Russia, and for the time being Mr. Walpole is Russia too, coloured, chameleon-like, by his association with her people. The setting of "The Dark Forest" is the campaign in Galicia, where the characters, who belong to a Red Cross unit, advance and recede into the ebb and flow of the tide of victory. The work of the unit, the flies, the wounded, the guns, the heat, and the odours are there; but the marrow of the book has no concern with them. It is the story of two men and a woman—or three souls, if you prefer to put it that way. The soldiers, in an expression frequently repeated, pass as ghosts. What is real? What is unreal? What is life? What is death? The men and the woman fence with these eternal mysteries. And love, too; what is that? Built up of such material, and handled with a skill that will greatly enhance Mr. Walpole's established reputation, "The Dark Forest" is a memorable book.

"Narcissus."

The craftsmanship of Miss Viola Meynell has "filed out to the fraction of a hair," as Stevenson puts it, in "Narcissus" (Martin Secker). It is an admirable book, this study of the two brothers, Victor and Jimmy—Victor, avid for appreciation, for achievement; and the peaceful, handsome Jimmy who, until he loved, walked through life in a friendly detachment. Victor was a super-sensitive, eagerly searching his world for more than his disabilities permitted it to yield him, foredoomed to the sharpest pangs, and to an ever-recurring reaction from the extravagant hope of his vision to the failure that was reality. Jimmy, who had the usual number of skins, and, with far less insight and feeling than his brother, was able, by his easy, sober nature, to command success and popularity—Jimmy had a narrow escape from crystallising into the mere punctual, faithful servant of habit. The possibilities of a dull Jimmy in middle life are plainly indicated; but we are given to understand that his seizure of Imogen from Victor would lift him out of the peril of clubbable stagnation. Victor suffers to the end—and, indeed, his long-drawn martyrdom is an artistic triumph too acute for anything but aesthetic pleasure on the part of the reader. It is poignant reading; and there are many passages in the book that raise rebellion against the perfect propriety of Miss Meynell, who would never yield herself to the comfortable dressing-gown and slippers of a happy ending.

"Let Be."

There is something mechanical in the agility with which the young woman of "Let Be" (Methuen) falls in and out of love: this is a novel with the plot for a comedy. In real life things do not happen so conveniently, and though we know there is the puppet-maker behind pulling the strings, we are not able to get so much as a glimpse of his moving finger. It is clever of Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge to find a way out of the tangle for the fascinating Stella; but it is a poor way, when all is said and done. The young woman is unfortunate in her admirers. Hargrave Ladd behaves badly to his wife, and badly to Stella, being an egoist, and an emotional one to boot. Lance Dering is either a consumptive—in which case eugenics ought to rule him out—or a hypochondriac; or, as a third and last alternative, a young impostor who has lived on his mother's indulgence and simplicity. Neither of Stella's men impresses us as being scrupulous, and it is not their fault that she escapes from the ugly pitfalls with which her youth and helplessness are surrounded. She is improbably facile in her attachments; but she is honest, and the author has contrived to convey to us her own conviction of Stella's charm and beauty. Alice Ladd's possible powers of attraction remain unconvincing. The woman is stupid and a bore, and Hargrave the opportunist deserves the fate that leaves him reunited to her. "Let Be" insists that the reviewer shall acknowledge it is a good novel.

"Sacrifice."

Marcelle Tinayre's vivid talent has been concentrated, in "Sacrifice" (Melrose), on the indelible impression of Paris in the three days from the 31st of July to the 2nd of August, 1914. We, too, knew something of the tension, the brooding fearfulness as the hours ran out, and it became certain that the catastrophe was inevitable and that Europe must fight her way through blood and fire before she stamped the barbarian. We had our anxiety, but mixed in it was the fear that England might fail to act—wherein we, her children, so greatly misjudged her. The Parisians had not that anguish. Instead, they had the nearness of the storm, and an exact and bitter knowledge of invasion and the Hun. "Sacrifice" gives us to understand that up to the last moment the French Socialists believed that the brotherhood of man would triumph. They believed in German Socialism—as the Belgians believed in it until their German brothers came with their incendiary appliances and their exposition of frightfulness, and burned and murdered and destroyed in the homes of the Flemish comrades. There is a right pride in this moving little book—pride in a people facing death with courage. Paris looked into her own soul, and what she found there sent her children out braced for their ordeal. The aftermath we know; but we have to thank Marcelle Tinayre (and the skilful translator of "La Veillée des Armés") for a fuller knowledge of the first solemn days of the sacrifice.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALL great wars are wars of religion; and most of them are waged to settle some point of doctrine. This war, it may be well to repeat, is fundamentally concerned with whether pride is a sin. The modern treatment of the question is typical of the cross-purposes in which we live. Stated as I have stated it, it would strike most modern people as a piece of high and dry pietism, or what undergraduates, I believe, used to call "pi." Yet nearly everybody feels it as a fact when they consider sin objectively—that is, as they mostly do consider it, in other people. What pride is can be practically tested in this fact—that the addition of it to any other sin makes it the unpardonable sin. The evidence of this is quite everyday evidence. The inflammable fellow who is always led a dance by women can keep the affection of men, even of the best men. Such a squire of dames may be a disreputable squire, and by no means deserve to be knighted. But the lady-killer deserves to be killed, as the unmistakable ogre in a fairy-tale, who is also a lady-killer, is killed. And what makes the difference between the two types is solely the presence and absence of pride. For the same reason there is more that is laughable, and therefore lovable, in the old miser than in the new millionaire—the kind of millionaire who prides himself on only nibbling a bean instead of gnawing a bone. The squallid life is more decent than the simple life, because it is more modest. The miser only parades his poverty in order to hide his wealth; but the other parades both. There is the same savour in the sayings of some of those who are most anxious to-day to prove that it is conscience that has made cowards of them all. The fear of arms may at least be the instinct of an untrained but healthy animal. But the hatred of arms is a sheer perversion, a morbid reversal, like a mad dog's hatred of water. I count myself among the admirers of President Wilson, and I think it unintelligent to test him by an ordinary public speaker's tag like "too proud to fight." There is the same idealess parrotting about the Prime Minister's perfectly trivial and fugitive phrase, "Wait and see." I do not believe for a moment that Mr. Wilson would be too proud to fight if he saw an advantage in fighting. But if we were to take the phrase as representing a complete philosophy, it would certainly be a philosophy of a curiously concentrated badness. We could only tell such a philosopher that there is no sin in fighting, but a great sin in being proud. Everywhere, in short, the highest charity will choose upon this principle. It can have indulgence for self-indulgence, but not for self-satisfaction; and least of all for what was called self-help.

Modern Germany offers a large number of other characteristics, good and bad; but what distinguishes that country is its committing itself wholly and seriously to a belief in the practical value of pride.

It is this, of course, that renders particularly repulsive many of its excesses which are also self-indulgences. Murder itself is more amiable as a weakness than as a strength. But in order to seize the substance of this, I should not take any of the obvious excrescences of crime as my example. I should take an average extract from current German criticism and controversy. The spirit of which I speak is as present in the mildest and most rationalistic defence of Germany as in the wildest rhetoric of its cultus of hatred. And I could not take a better example than the very plan of a book that has recently appeared in Germany. It is especially directed against England; and so long as the Germans go on producing such books they will go on proving again and again, and much more clearly than I can, all that I am saying here. The work in question is called "Right or Wrong, My Country!" which I presume to be a learned

on some of their elephantine stone buildings, to remain for a thousand years. By all means let the latest generations of this earth be made aware that there never was an English wrong without an English protest. Let our own enemies tell the world that our mistakes have been corrected mistakes and our conspiracies exploded conspiracies. It will be fortunate for us if our foes can confirm that noble compliment which Newman paid us—perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid—"They are as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin."

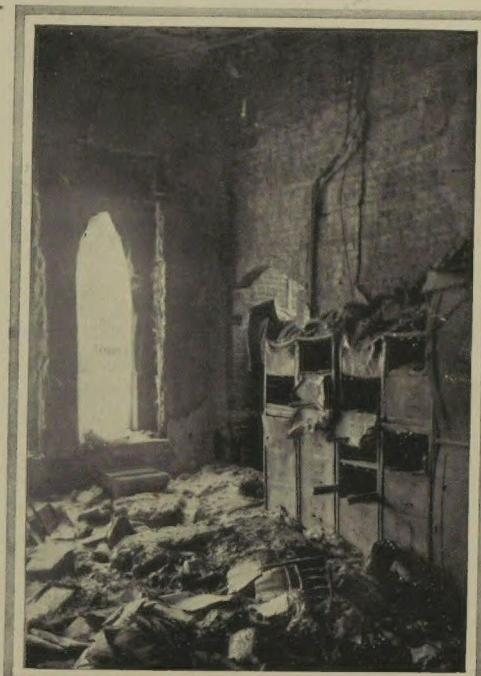
What do the professors imagine they are proving except that English debate is often free and that English history is often fair? It is in the best tradition of England that such protests should remain as English monuments. And it is in the worst

tradition of Germany that they should be regarded as English defeats. There is, perhaps, no ground in the world on which a wise Englishman would more willingly accept battle as between the two intellectual systems. For, whatever advantages German culture has created, it does not even permit of this inward criticism and control. No man in his five wits will maintain that it is self-evident that German policy has been spotless. Even a professor cannot really believe that there was no case against the invasion of Silesia or the partition of Poland. He must know, to say the least of it, that there was an ugly side to the story of the Ems message. Whether or no such a thing can be defended, it can certainly be attacked. It seems to me mysterious that anyone approves of it; it is manifestly pre-

posterous to say that everyone approves of it. Therefore, if among such professors and their pupils no one disapproves of it, we can only infer that their vanity is too weak or their fear is too strong. Either they are not frank or they are not free. And it is the sober and quite unrhetorical truth that, as the great nations go, they are not frank and not free: that such a chorus of national condemnation for national acts as they have collected in our case would not be possible in their case. What they lack is not the thing blamable, but only the blame.

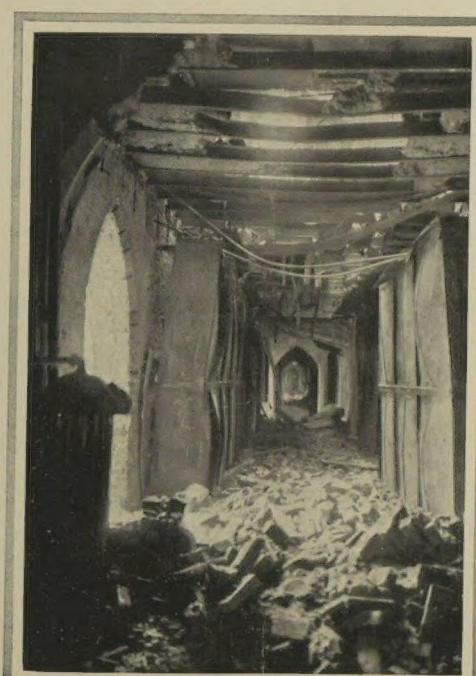
But it would be a mistake to suggest that in this matter the Prussian is merely respecting the policeman. The Prussian is respecting the Prussian; the image he worships is not even a picture, but only, a looking-glass. And the great question being now tried in Europe, which can be suggested by many symbols or figures of speech, can be expressed, perhaps, best of all by saying that it is the philosophy of the mirror against the philosophy of the window. For humility means making the subjective objective—realising that to the universe oneself is not I, but only he.

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THE GREAT FIRE AT THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS:
A BURNT-OUT RECORDS ROOM.

The left-hand photograph shows the effect of the flames on a heavy steel filing-cabinet. In the debris on the floor are the ashes of public documents and Government records. Other photographs of the disaster appear elsewhere in this issue.—[By Courtesy of the "Evening Journal," Ottawa.]



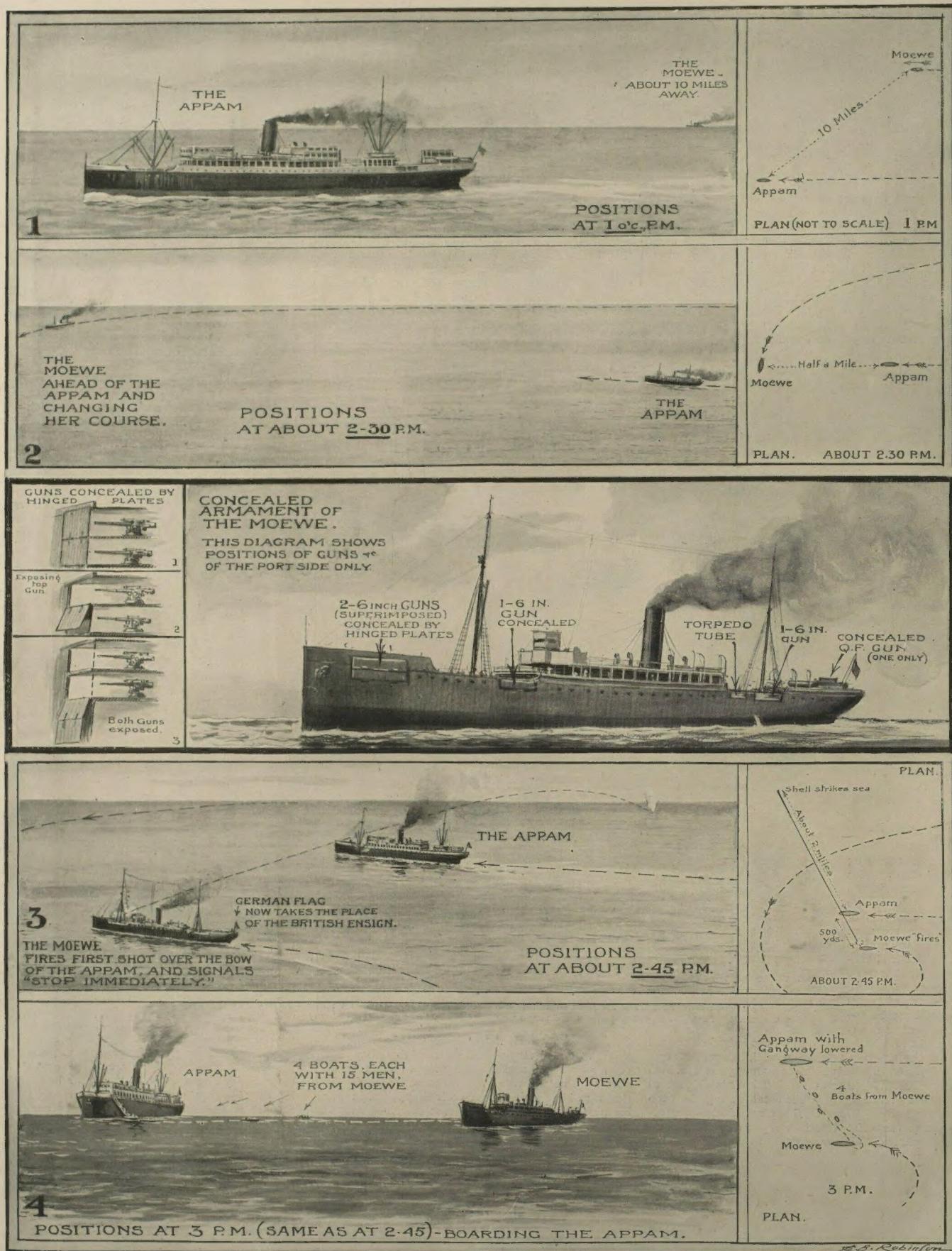
THE GREAT FIRE AT THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT: A SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR, LEADING TO THE SENATE HOUSE.

German reconstruction of "My Country, Right or Wrong." It is very typical of them that they should get a popular phrase so nearly right and so entirely wrong. But the title is by no means the only thing that they have succeeded in their simplicity in reading backwards. The work is further described as "The Immorality of English Policy Confessed by English Authors," and apparently consists of such criticisms as our writers have brought from time to time against our Governments: such as the eloquent invectives against Warren Hastings, the denunciations by Gladstone and others of the Chinese War, the satires of Swift about the treatment of Ireland, the established English repudiation of the treatment of America, and so on. It is compiled by Professor Herrmann and Professor Gade, it is published in Leipzig, and I sincerely hope that it will be circulated all over the earth.

It is amazing to me that even professors should not see that such a book is a compliment and not an insult. So far from objecting to such a record being printed, an Englishman may well desire that it should be written in gold or carved in marble: that the laborious Germans should chip out every word of it

A GERMAN NAVAL HIGHWAYMAN: THE "APPAM": AND THE "TRAMP."

DIAGRAMS DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN "APPAM" PASSENGER, MR. BERNARD RELEEN.



MELODRAMATIC BUT FUTILE: THE CAPTURE OF THE "APPAM" BY A GERMAN RAIDER DISGUISED AS A "TRAMP."

The Elder-Dempster liner "Appam," which had been given up for lost, was brought into Hampton Roads, off Norfolk, Virginia, on February 1 in charge of a German prize crew and flying the German flag. It appeared that on January 15 she was attacked by a ship which looked like a "tramp" steamer, but which, on approaching the "Appam," let down false sides, revealing powerful guns. The "Appam," which had only one light gun, was obliged to surrender. We may confidently expect that the

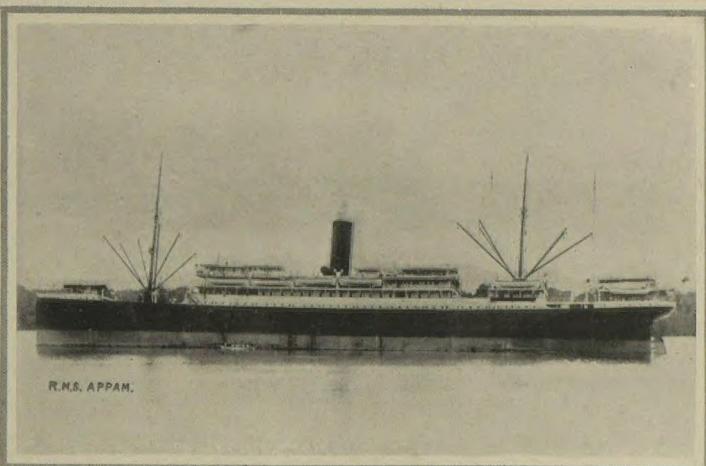
exploits of this piratical "tramp" will soon be nipped in the bud, as were those of the "Emden." Such proceedings, though picturesque as highway robbery, are quite futile as naval warfare, though the only kind the Germans seem to understand. Our diagrams are based on material supplied by Mr. Bernard E. Releen, of Lagos, who was home-ward bound on the "Appam," was taken aboard the so-called "Moewe," and was subsequently released.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "APPAM'S" PASSENGERS AND CAPTORS: "MOEWE" MEN AND MENUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



WITH "S.M.S. 'MOEWE'" ON H.S CAP: A MEMBER OF THE GERMAN PRIZE CREW.

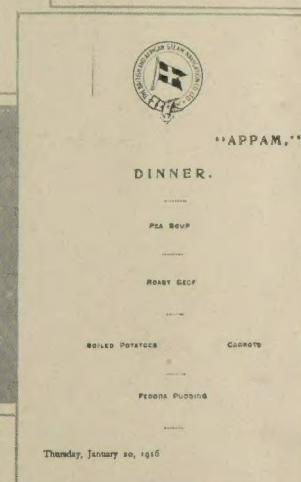
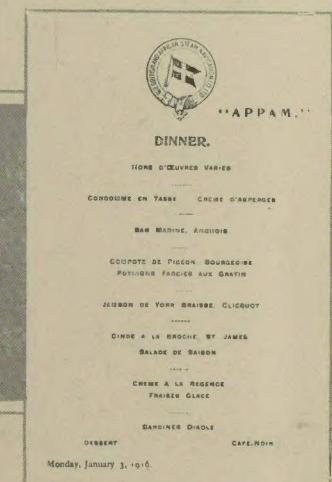
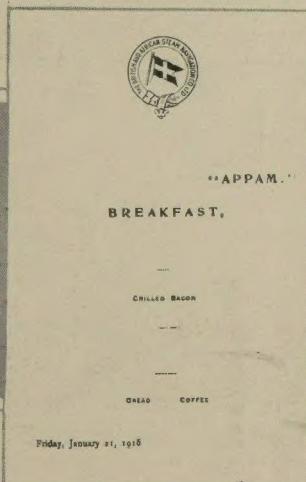
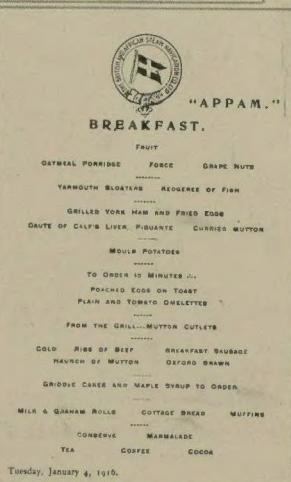


R.M.S. APPAM.



COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN PRIZE CREW SENT ABOARD THE "APPAM": LIEUT. BERG.

THE ELDER-DEMPSSTER LINER FOUND TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY A DISGUISED GERMAN RAIDER AFTER BEING GIVEN UP AS LOST: THE R.M.S. "APPAM."



BEFORE CAPTURE BY THE GERMANS—ABUNDANCE: THE "APPAM" BREAKFAST MENU OF JANUARY 4.

AFTER CAPTURE BY THE GERMANS—SEVERE SIMPLICITY! THE "APPAM" BREAKFAST MENU OF JANUARY 21.

BEFORE CAPTURE BY THE GERMANS—ABUNDANCE: THE "APPAM" DINNER MENU OF JANUARY 3.

AFTER CAPTURE BY THE GERMANS—SEVERE SIMPLICITY: THE "APPAM" DINNER MENU OF JANUARY 20.



BRITISH PASSENGERS FROM THE "APPAM" COMING ASHORE AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA: LANDING FROM THE TUG-BOAT "ALICE."



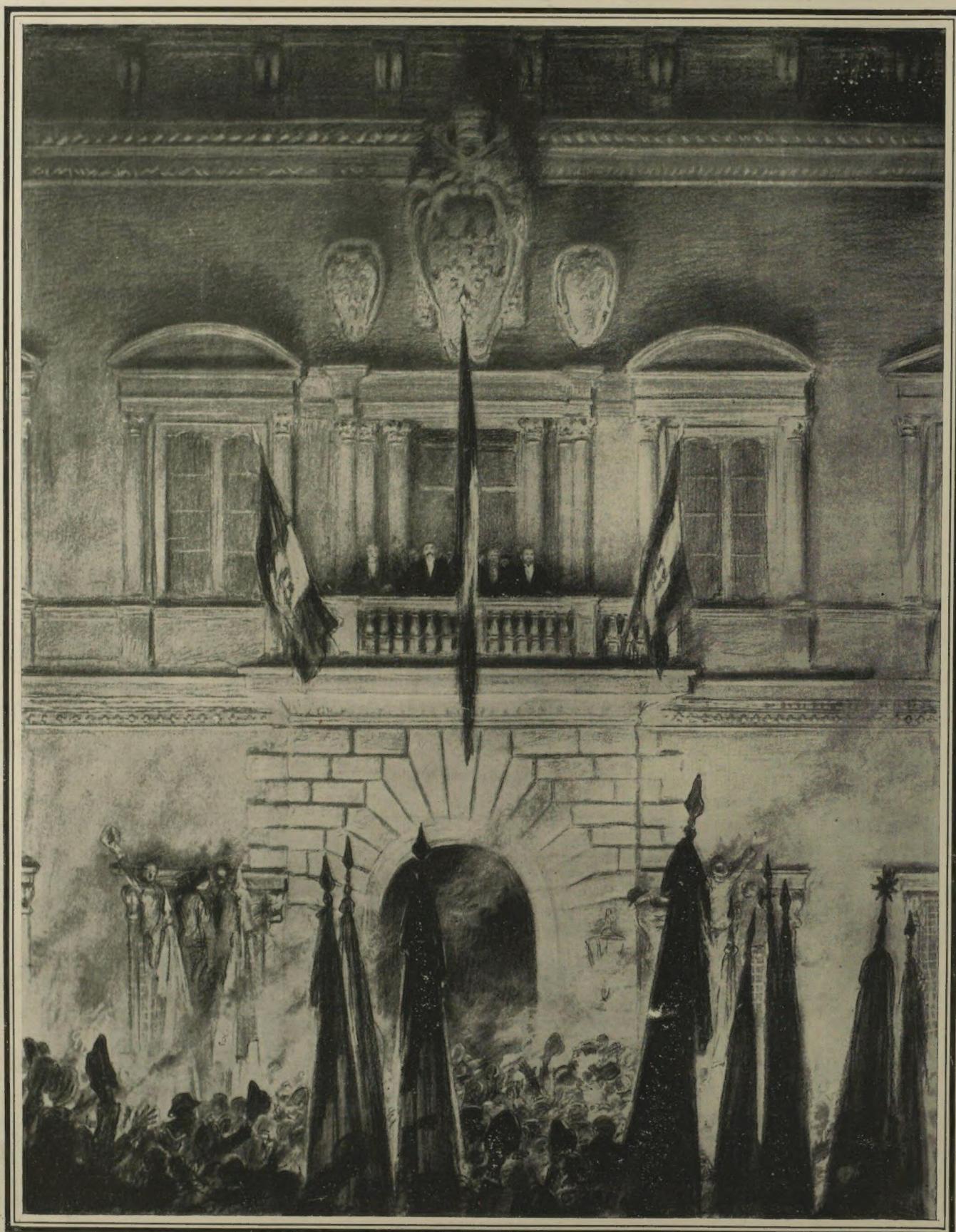
GLAD TO LAND ON AMERICAN SOIL AFTER BEING PRISONERS OF THE GERMANS: "APPAM" PASSENGERS LEAVING THE "ALICE."

Among the "Appam's" passengers were a number of distinguished British Colonial officials on their way to take up new appointments, including Sir Edward Merewether, formerly Governor of Sierra Leone and recently appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands, with his wife, Lady Merewether. He and others were allowed to land before the rest of the passengers. Lieut. Berg had been placed in charge of the captured "Appam" with a prize crew of 22 men. It will be noted that the one seen in our top left-hand photograph has on his cap the name, "S.M.S. Moewe," a point of interest

in view of the discussion as to the real identity of the German raider. All the British subjects on board the "Appam" were put ashore at Norfolk on February 3, on receipt of orders from Washington for their release. It will be seen from the menu cards reproduced above that the Germans greatly restricted the diet of the "Appam's" passengers. The luncheon menus before and after capture show the same change. That for January 3, for example, contained a choice of 19 items; that for January 20, only 3—macaroni, bread and butter, and tea.

THE FRENCH MISSION OF MINISTERS IN ROME: A POPULAR WELCOME.

DRAWN BY TH. VAUCHER.



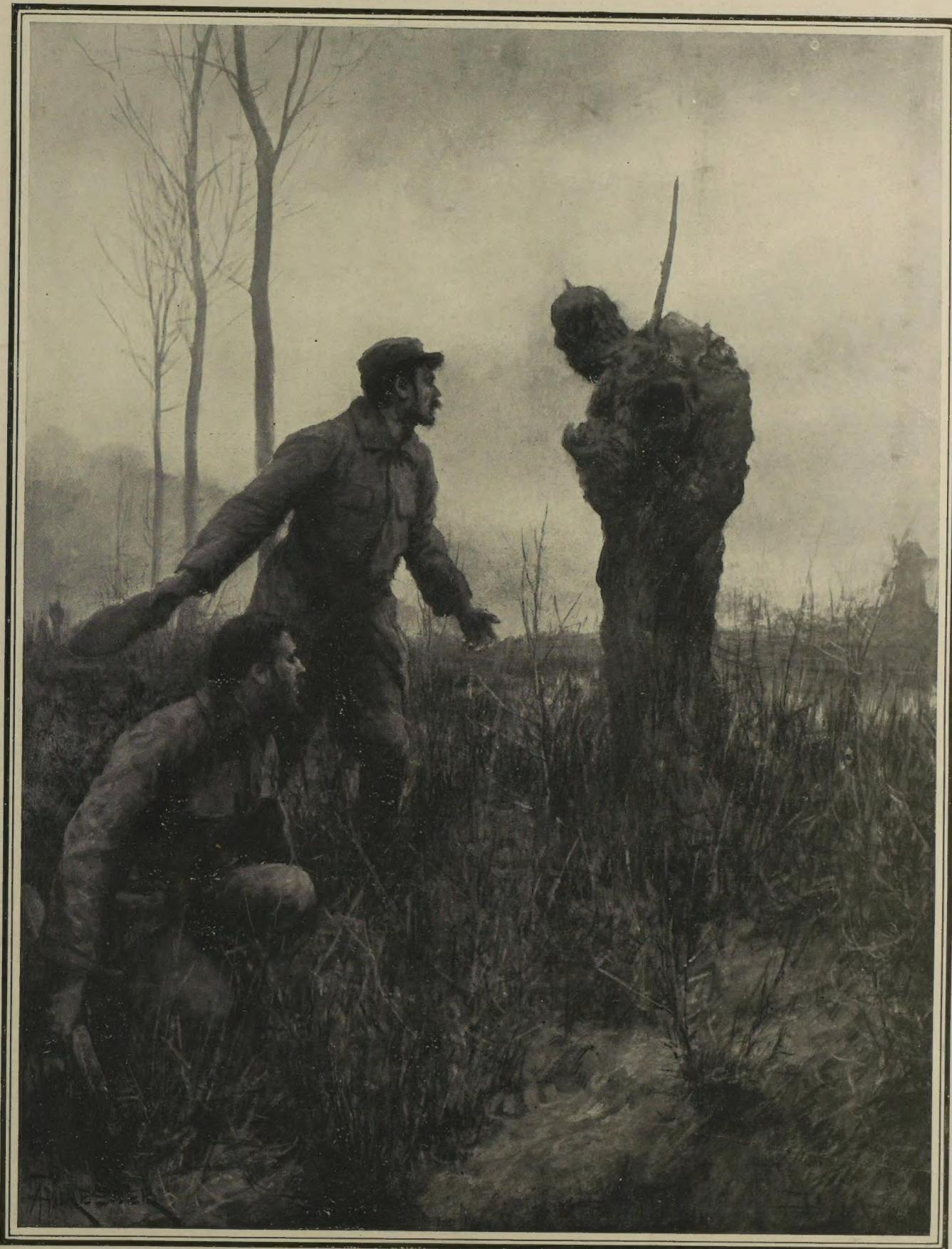
ITALIAN PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES AND THE PEOPLE ACCLAIMING THE FRENCH MINISTERS BY TORCHLIGHT: M. BRIAND ADDRESSING THE DEMONSTRATORS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FARNESE PALACE.

Within the past three weeks, a special mission of French Ministers, including, with others, the Premier, M. Briand; M. Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions; and General Pélé, Chief of the French Headquarters Staff, has been paying an official visit to the Italian Front. Everywhere they received the heartiest acclamation, in particular in Rome, where their arrival at the outset was welcomed by immense crowds with shouts of "Vive la France!" "Vive la Guerre!" At the Farnese Palace, in Rome, the

official residence of the French Ambassador, there was a demonstration of the citizens of the Italian capital at night. Followed by an immense crowd, members of Italian patriotic associations paraded with banners and torches in front of the Embassy, where M. Briand had to come out on the balcony and deliver an address. The cordiality of the reception given to his inspiring utterances was of the happiest omen for the future of the united efforts of the Allies.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A WOODEN SOLDIER IN REAL WAR: A POLLARDED GERMAN "GUARD"!

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



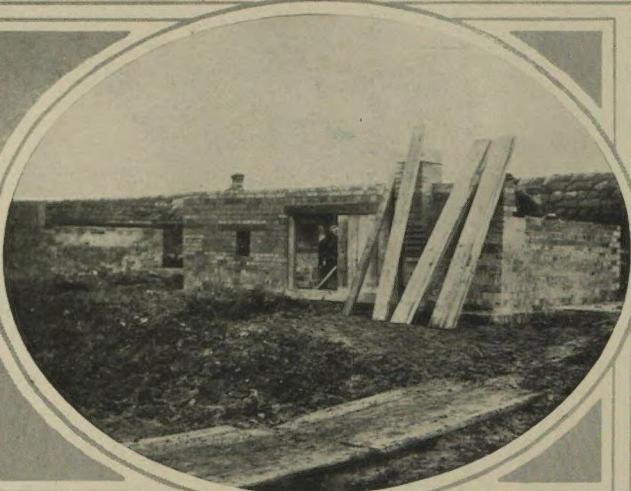
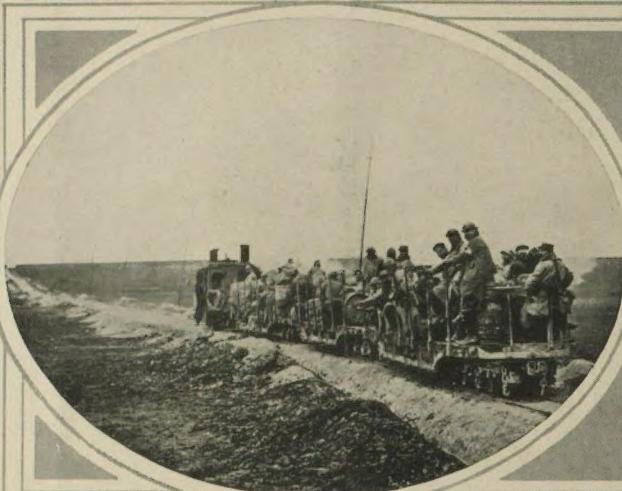
A STRANGE ADVENTURE OF TWO ESCAPED FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR ON THE GERMAN-DUTCH FRONTIER:
ATTACKING A GERMAN "SENTRY" WHO PROVED TO BE A "DISGUISED" TREE.

Two French prisoners of war lately succeeded in escaping from their German gaolers and managed, after many vicissitudes, to reach the German-Dutch frontier. There they had a strange adventure. One may judge of the men's despair when, on approaching the frontier, they saw it guarded by sentries and felt that there was no chance of crossing without being detected. Prepared to die rather than to surrender to the sentry, they made a rush at him armed with what they found ready to hand, but, at the moment

of striking, discovered that the supposed sentry was nothing else than a tree cleverly pollarded so that it should resemble from afar the silhouette of a German soldier under arms. They noticed other trees similar in appearance along the frontier: of real soldiers there were none. The prisoners were soon over on neutral territory, and a few days later were back again in France, where they returned to their regiments, who found the story of their adventure amusing.—*[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]*

THE CAMERA AS CORRESPONDENT: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL, OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PER CENTRAL PRESS, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, FRENCH OFFICIAL PER NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



TO KEEP THE MAIN LINES FREE FOR THE TROOPS: A FRENCH LIGHT RAILWAY CARRYING MUNITIONS TO THE TRENCHES.

WINTER QUARTERS OF REGIMENTS IN REAR OF THE FLOODED AREA IN FLANDERS: BRICK HOUSES (WITH COOKING-STOVES) BEING ERECTED.



AN AEROPLANE PRIZE NEAR SALONIKA: A GERMAN BIPLANE BROUGHT DOWN UNDAMAGED BEING EXAMINED IN A STREET NEAR HEADQUARTERS.



LOCAL COLOUR AS ANTI-AIRCRAFT SAFEGUARD AT SALONIKA: PLASTERING MUD ON A RED CROSS MARQUEE TO MAKE IT "INVISIBLE."



AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, WHERE SPECIAL SERVICES FOR OVERSEAS TROOPS ARE HELD: ENTERING FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR FALLEN "ANZACS."



RED CROSS STRETCHER-BEARERS BY DAY; MUSICIANS BY NIGHT: FRENCH REGIMENTAL BANDSMEN GIVING A PERFORMANCE BEHIND THE TRENCHES.

The extensive railway system of Northern France is of special strategical importance in connecting the armies along the front by enabling reinforcements to be rapidly moved from place to place as required. To keep the lines free for that, most of the transport of provisions, stores, and munitions in rear of the trench lines is effected by means of light railways, specially laid down for the purpose.—Owing to the reckless methods of German bomb-dropping airmen in the neighbourhood of Salonika, as elsewhere, and their deliberate disregard of the Red Cross symbol on hospital buildings and tents,

protective coloration of the roofs and upper parts of the buildings and tents has had to be resorted to. In the instance depicted above, the mud colouring on the roof is meant to tone with the bare, much-trodden ground, now mostly an expanse of mud after the winter wet.—St. Margaret's, Westminster, as being the Church specially associated with the Imperial Parliament by tradition and use, has fitly been fixed on to serve as the Mother-Church in England for services connected with the troops from the Overseas Dominions. The recent Canadian and "Anzac" memorial services were held there.

A GREAT VICTORY: THE "KEY" OF ARMENIA CAPTURED BY RUSSIA.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE COLLECTION OF GENERAL DOURASKY.



"ERZERUM HAS BEEN TAKEN AFTER FIVE DAYS OF UNPRECEDENTED ASSAULT": THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICOLAIEVITCH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CAUCASIAN ARMY.

On February 16 last the Russians gained an extremely important victory by capturing Erzerum, the most important Turkish fortified place in Asia and the key of Armenia. The Grand Duke Nicholas, Viceroy of the Caucasus, announced the success in the following telegram to the Emperor: "God has granted the brave troops of the Army of the Caucasus such great help that Erzerum has been taken after five days of unprecedented assault. I am inexpressibly happy to announce this victory to your Imperial Majesty." Erzerum, it may be noted, has twice before fallen to Russian arms—in 1829, when it was taken by

Marshal Paskevitch, whose troops advanced to within eighteen miles of Trebizon, on the Black Sea; and in the War of 1877-78, when, after completing the investment, the Russians occupied it during the armistice, restoring it to the Turks after the Treaty of Berlin. The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch was Commander-in-Chief of all the land and sea forces of Russia until the Emperor took the supreme command. The Grand Duke then became Viceroy of the Caucasus and Commander-in-Chief of the Caucasian Army.

SALONIKA.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

WHETHER the expedition to Salonika was a more or less wise move than those to the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia is a question which even competent military critics would hardly care to answer offhand.

The idea would appear to have been first conceived by one or two far-seeing statesmen, who discerned the trend of Germany's military policy and divined its future developments. Having been balked of her designs on Paris and Calais, and having won over King Ferdinand and Radoulovoff, she was bound to turn her gaze eastwards and to hack her way to Constantinople with the help of the Bulgars and the Turks. This military objective would have the twofold advantage of coinciding with the economic schemes which she had harboured so long, and of enabling her to open up the East with the assistance of her two allies, and would, therefore, ensure a substantial economy of her own troops. She had ear-marked Turkey, Egypt, Persia, India, and China as the future colonies of the Greater Germany. And the Greater Germany was to be the product of the present war. Some twenty thousand Teutons were already busy in the Ottoman Empire organising the Sultan's land forces. The Serbian armies, decimated by battle and disease, were no longer advancing. Roumania was being coaxed and bullied; and Athens, it was believed, would follow the example of Bucharest.

The opportunities of the situation as they must present themselves to the Teuton mind were intuitively perceived by the two foremost statesmen of the Allies. The first to read the conjuncture aright was a British Minister, who, drawing the practical conclusion from the picture in his mind, put it in writing and submitted it to the proper quarter for consideration. Divining Germany's intentions some months before they were formulated by her General Staff, his conclusion was that the Eastern situation could not be dealt with efficiently unless a military expedition were rigged out and despatched to the Near East. But the suggestion, like so many others, was received, acknowledged, and disregarded. These facts are known to me. I vouch for them, therefore, absolutely. The project was mooted as far back as January 1915.

In France, about the same time (end of December 1914) General Gallieni is said to have proposed a combined military expedition to Salonika which would then have had the effect of blocking once for all the Berlin-Constantinople route, compelling the active help, or at any rate the neutrality, of Bulgaria, and an offensive alliance between the Entente, Greece, and Roumania, and pulverising Turkey. He, too, took his ideas in writing and received a reply to this effect: "My friend, you saved Paris, and that proud achievement entitles you to be listened to with respect. But at times you, too, are a dreamer of dreams, and one of these is your Salonika scheme. It is not feasible." Although this story was related to me by one who is personally acquainted with the personages who took part in the alleged incident, I am unable to vouch for it in the way in which I answer for the absolute trustworthiness of the facts I have set forth about the British Minister's initiative.

These unavailing attempts to create a new Eastern front were made at a moment when the military plight of the enemy and of Bulgaria, as well as the relative friendliness of Greece and Roumania towards the Allies, would have contributed to ensure its success. It was a moment, too, when the Turkish capital had not yet been definitely assigned to Russia, so that Bulgaria and Greece might still secretly aspire to the possession of Constantine's city, and the Turkish opposition might have been heartened to raise the standard of rebellion. In short, it was what Bismarck would have termed the psychological moment. But it was allowed to lapse unutilised.

Months passed after this, months of futile diplomatic activity and military quiescence in the Balkans, and in the meanwhile the situation underwent a noteworthy change. The Tsar's armies were advancing victoriously on the Carpathians and threatening the plains of Hungary. The Bukovina was occupied by Russia. Lemberg had become to all intents and purposes a Russian city. Cracow was in danger. In fine, it seemed probable that the Allies would owe their ultimate victory mainly to Russia's irresistible armies. It was then that Constantinople was ear-marked for her, and Roumania's demands in the Bukovina and the Banat were disallowed by the Ministers of the Tsar.

Again months passed, and the tide of war turned against the Entente. The Russians, destitute of ammunition,

were compelled to retreat; Roumania's claims were very gradually and very grudgingly recognised; Greece's faith in the Allies' final triumph was dissipated; Roumania's hopeless strategic position after the evacuation of the Bukovina and Galicia by the Tsar's armies forbade her active intervention on our behalf; and dark clouds overhung the Allied war fronts. In July M. Briand seized the rejected idea of an expedition to Salonika, and advocated it with the eloquence and force which invariably characterise him. But he too encountered the usual obstacles. Diplomacy's game was still going forward; Bulgaria was amusing herself with France and Britain; and M. Delcassé, whose large claims to the gratitude of the Entente Powers no subsequent error of judgment can impair, set his face against the proposal. His confidence in the success of the negotiations with Bulgaria could not be shaken. And as his optimism was communicated to most of his colleagues in the Cabinet, Briand's plan was shelved.

Belief in Greece's readiness to fly to the assistance of the Serbs congruously with her treaty obligations was another dogma of our diplomatic creed. And the Western Allies held to it tenaciously. But as Serbia was bound by the same treaty to provide 150,000 men for her own defence, and was unable to put them in the field, M. Delcassé, in concert with the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and at the request of the Greek Premier, undertook to provide them. Then, and only in those circumstances, did a military expedition to Salonika command itself to the Governments of France and Britain. Their assent was therefore conditional, whereas M. Briand's plan was absolute. The two Ministers for Foreign Affairs assented

formidable armies can accomplish little; and also because the effort will bottle up troops whose services are urgently needed on other fronts where the contest will be definitely decided.

Those considerations, however, it is argued, only militated against the expedition so long as it was in the embryonic state. Once the troops were despatched, the Allies were, so to say, bound to hold the positions they had taken up. For even if it be no value as an offensive starting point, it is none the less a thorn in the enemy's side, a standing menace to his communications, and a pledge that Greece will play no unpleasant tricks at our expense. Moreover, if we now relinquish the foothold we so strongly occupy, the loss of prestige which the abandonment of Gallipoli inflicted would be augmented a hundredfold. The withdrawal of our forces from that peninsula, loudly though we acclaimed it in this country, was a flimsily-masked reverse which produced a disastrous impression of the Allies' military resources on their friends in the Near, Middle, and Far East. And that impression would have been still more profound had it not been attenuated by the set-off of the Salonika Expedition, which connotes our resolve not to slacken our hold of the Orient. Furthermore, the departure of our troops from Salonika would, it is pointed out, enable the enemy to take forcible possession of it, use it as a submarine station, obtain a formidable offensive position in the Adriatic, and put him in a position to frighten Greece into joining his forces with his.

Lastly, we were assured by experts—who, like doctors, are only agreed to disagree among themselves—that, if adequately fortified, Salonika would be exempt from attack. Germany, they urged, would never run the risk of trying issues with us there, and if they did, we should have reason to rejoice at their costly folly.

But, whatever may be said by way of argument about the immunity of Salonika from attack, there is no gainsaying the preparations which the Austro-Germans and their Oriental allies are now pressing forward for an onslaught on our positions there. In this case, however, as in that of a new play, it behoves the critic to suspend his judgment until the curtain falls on the last act. Although my opinion on purely military matters is only that of a mere layman, I cannot help feeling that the attempt to throw our armies into the sea will be made as soon as the Germans have completed their equipment in artillery, men, and munitions. The circumstance that the Bulgarians are concentrating at Ghevgheli is highly significant. The massing of Germans in Upper Serbia is likewise a symptom the object of which can hardly be a mere demonstration. Again, Major

Moraht, the German military critic, comments on the outlook in Salonika in terms which confirm this conclusion.

There can be no doubt that when the Anglo-French forces were driven over the Greek frontier on Dec. 12, the Bulgarians could and should have pursued and pulverised them. Down to the 20th of that month the belief prevailed that the wisest course for us to pursue would be to withdraw from Salonika altogether. But General Castelnau, on his arrival in Salonika, saw the opportunities for defence, and one of his first demands was that the Greek troops should be removed from the city and environs. This proposal, unwillingly acceded to by King Constantine, removed one formidable danger to our armies, and rendered it possible for the Allies to establish themselves on a firm footing. This should now be followed up by the creation of a supplementary base.

As the original object of the expedition was to succour Serbia, the Cabinet of Nish was asked to transfer its seat to this town. Accordingly King Peter, his Ministers, and military command repaired to Salonika, and for a short time the idea was entertained of convoking the Skupstishina there. This plan, however, was frustrated by the Greek Government, which declared that Greece would extend hospitality to Serbian refugees only so long as they abstained from political action.

At first Bulgaria, like Germany, was convinced that the retreat of the Allied troops over the Greek frontier would be continued until they had all quitted the mainland and returned whence they had come. But now the enemy sees his error, and the only means of repairing it is to drive out our armies by a well-concerted attack. That he will avail himself of this means is, I believe, and have always believed, probable. Then, and only then, we shall be in a position to pass judgment on the wisdom or unwisdom of the Salonika Expedition.



DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH TO CUT BULGARIAN COMMUNICATIONS: THE BLOWING-UP OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE STRUMA AT DEMIR HISSAR, NORTH OF SALONIKA.

AT SEA WITH THE GRAND FLEET: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UP ALOFT.



THE DECK OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP AS SEEN FROM ALOFT: A UNIT OF THE FLEET ON WHICH OUR NATIONAL FORTUNES DEPEND.

That "all is well with the Fleet" was the conclusion reached by Mr. John Leyland in an article describing a recent visit to a certain naval port on the British coast. "There are two classes of ships," he writes, "in the British Navy—those which have encountered the enemy or live in hourly hope of meeting him, and those which are the real base and cause of our sea-power, and yet live from day to day, week to week, and month

to month without the enemy ever giving them a chance for a 'whack' at all. It is the former class of vessels which have mostly interested me to-day, and I have seen many evidences of new elements of offence and power in them, which cannot be described, but which will sooner or later astonish the world. . . . Upon the Navy, 'under the good Providence of God,' the happiness and prosperity of us all depend."

AT SEA WITH THE GRAND FLEET: THE NAVY IN HOURS OF RECREATION—THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



HOW THE MEN OF THE GRAND FLEET KEEP FIT: A BOXING MATCH ON BOARD SHIP WATCHED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC CREW.

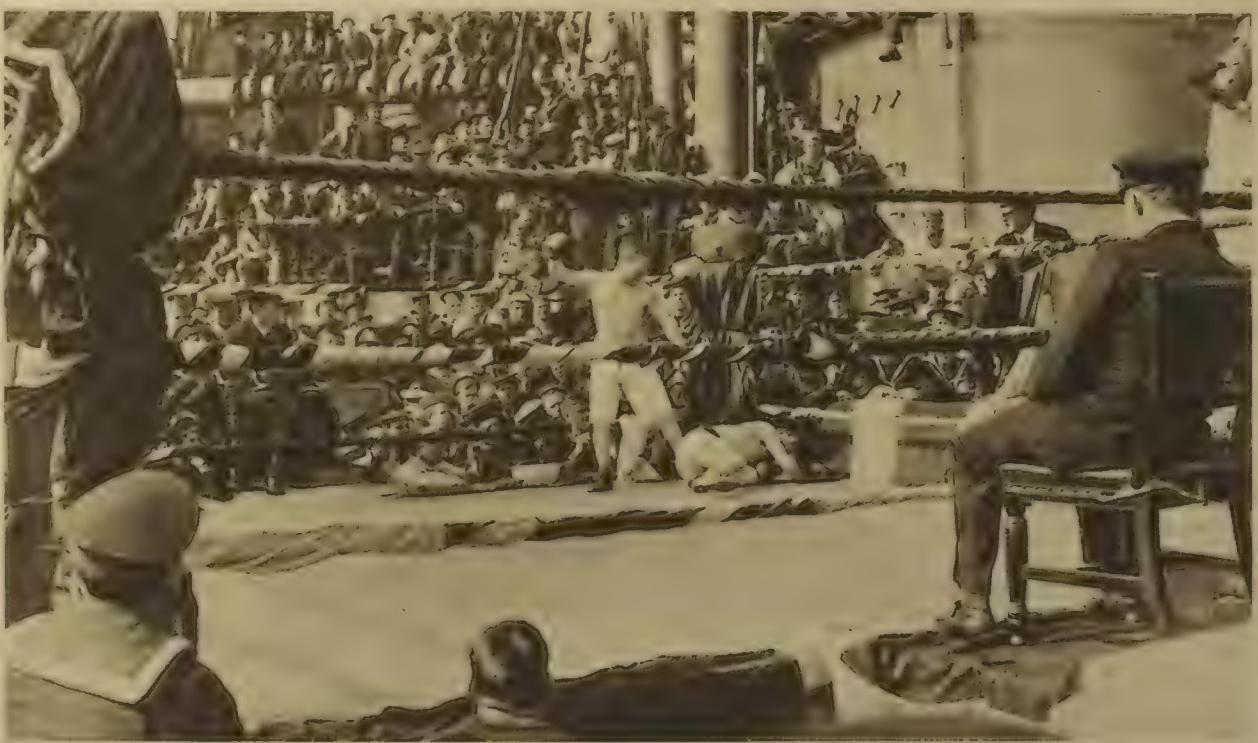
Boxing is a popular form of exercise both in the Navy and the Army, and it is obviously one of the most appropriate for fighting men, in view of the moral and physical qualities which it develops. Our photograph, showing two combatants in the "ring," on board a British warship of the Grand Fleet, proves what an attraction such an event has for the gallant sailors of the Royal Navy. Life in the Grand Fleet, it has been said, does not differ greatly during this war from what it is in time of peace, except that there is little shore leave, and the ships are ready for action at any minute, instead of, perhaps, at a few hours' notice. In regard to the work of the Navy, we may recall what Mr. Balfour, as First Lord

of the Admiralty, said in a recent speech:—"We may not easily tell how much we owe to our sailors at this moment. We may find it difficult to realize the debt the land and the work they do.... The world has got to know, and it does not yet know, how much it owes to the British Fleet, and how the assured victory which is coming to us in the future is coming at least as much as the gift of the British Navy as it is of the splendid valour of the Allied troops, whether British or foreign." Mr. Balfour is right, and in emphasising by his words we beseech you to remember the never-to-be-forgotten Royal tribute to "our sure shield."

AT SEA WITH THE GRAND FLEET: SPORT AND EXERCISE AFLOAT.



HOW THE NAVAL OFFICER ON ACTIVE SERVICE KEEPS HIMSELF IN CONDITION: A GAME OF "MEDICINE" BALL
ON THE DECK OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.



ONE METHOD BY WHICH JACK KEEPS HIMSELF "HARD AS NAILS AFLOAT": A BOXING MATCH ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP—
A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW.

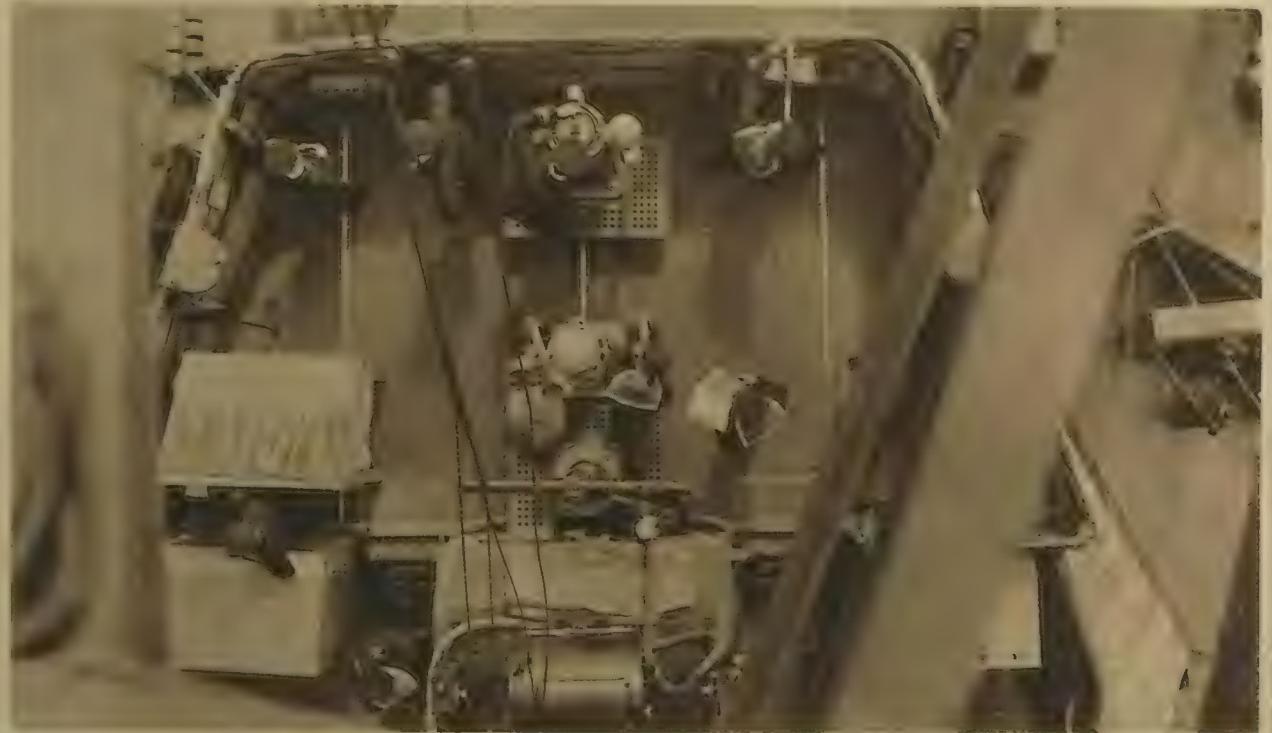
As mentioned under our double-page photograph of a boxing match on board a British war-ship, the noble art of self-defence is a form of sport very popular in the Navy. In the words of the well-known song from "The Geisha," it serves to make Jack "hard as nails afloat," not but what his daily work is of itself sufficient to keep him in the pink of condition. A sporting event, however, affords a welcome change in the monotony of routine, and as a boxing-ring requires but a small amount of space, compared with

other forms of sport, it is naturally a very suitable recreation on board ship. There are, however, other and less strenuous pastimes that can be enjoyed on deck, as may be seen from the upper of these two photographs. Here some officers are shown taking exercise in the form of a game of "medicine" ball. In the long months of waiting for the enemy these and similar amusements are very necessary to relieve the tedium. Through it all, officers and men are ever ready for the much-looked-for moment of action.

AT SEA WITH THE GRAND FLEET: THE BRITISH NAVY'S "PREPAREDNESS."



HOW THE NAVY MAKES ITS POWER FELT: A TURRET JUST FIRED, ON A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.



THE NAVIGATION-BRIDGE OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP SEEN FROM ABOVE: AN OVERHEAD VIEW (LOOKING VERTICALLY DOWNWARD).

Whether our Fleet is prepared for any new developments in ships or guns on the part of the German Navy was the subject recently of a question in the House of Commons. In reply, Mr. Balfour, as First Lord of the Admiralty, said: "What Germany is doing in the way of ship-building must necessarily be a matter of conjecture. No doubt it has been within her power during the course of the war to initiate and, perhaps, complete the building of large ships with powerful armaments. I have seen in the Press mention

of guns of 17-inch calibre. We have no evidence that such exist, but, given time and labour, there is no particular difficulty in making them. . . . As regards the preparedness of the British Navy, I can only say that successive Boards of Admiralty have most anxiously considered the mode in which the building resources of the country can best be employed. These resources are now used to their very utmost. . . . This being so, it is manifestly impossible to add to the magnitude of our preparations."

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER: A VITAL ELEMENT IN THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DE HANN.



WOUNDED MEN WHO THINK THEIR CHANCE OF RECOVERY SMALL WITHOUT THE

The Russian soldier is animated by a deep religious faith, which is doubtless one of the secrets of his splendid courage and endurance. Some interesting examples of the influence of religion on the Emperor of Russia's heroic troops have been given by Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., who recently went to Russia as British Red Cross Commissioner. Describing the blessing of the Emperor's Winter Palace at Petrograd, after its conversion into a military hospital, he writes: "This religious ceremony, it may be noted, is absolutely necessary to the opening of any hospital in Russia; the soldier feels, in some mystic way, that his chances of recovery are small indeed if his bed and the room in which he sleeps have not been blessed by the priest." Another instance of the same spirit was shown on the arrival in Petrograd of a hospital train-load of wounded

BLESSING OF THE CHURCH: A RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN A RUSSIAN FIELD-HOSPITAL.

Russian soldiers returned from Germany. "A Rath of white-robed students—these are the ordinaries and stretcher-bearers," writes Mr. Malcolm, "surges past us, and in half an hour the 200 robes are comfortably placed in the long reception-hall. Since our departure a little portable altar has been set up at one end of the hall; priests in vestments of silver and gold, a choir of twenty voices, have arrived. The Emperor's representative, in ringing tones, proclaims his Majesty's 'Welcome Home'; the band repeat the National Anthem, which the exiles sing through tears that no pain or terror could have wrung from them, and a short 'Te Deum' service follows. The altar is reverently dismantled, priests and choir retire, and the men settle down to a good breakfast; happy as kings returning from victory."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE KAISER'S HOLIDAY PALACE IN FRENCH HANDS: THE



WITH A FRENCH SOLDIER ON ITS PEDESTAL: THE KAISER'S "ACHILLES" IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ACHILLEION.



TROU BY CHASSEURS ALPINS: THE KAISER'S TERRACED PATH—FROM A LITTLE TEMPLE TO THE SEA.



THE FRENCH FLAG FLYING OVER THE KAISER'S CORFU PALACE: THE ACHILLEION GUARDED BY FRENCH CHASSEURS ALPINS.

ACHILLEION, CORFU, AS A HOSPITAL FOR THE ALLIES.



WITH "ENTRANCE FORBIDDEN" IN THREE LANGUAGES: THE WELL-GUARDED GATE TO THE ACHILLEION.



SEALED BY THE FRENCH: THE ENTRANCE TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS OF THE KAISER CLOSED BY ORDER.



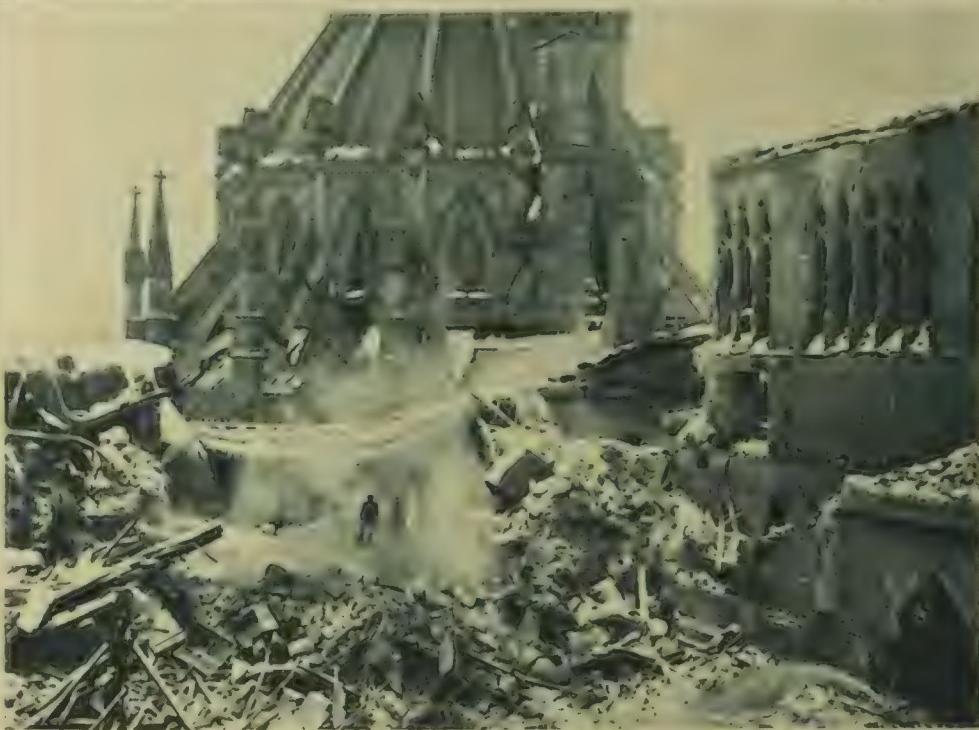
FRENCH GUARDS OF THE KAISER'S PALACE OFF DUTY: CHASSEURS ALPINS IN THE GARDENS OF THE ACHILLEION.

The occupation of the Achilleion Palace, at Corfu, by the French caused an immense sensation in Germany, the incident being indignantly proclaimed "a personal insult to the Kaiser!" The Kaiser, for his part, is said to have been excessively angry also. According to a telegram, he had a message sent to his brother-in-law, King Constantine, to the effect that "he would hold Greece answerable for any damage done to his property." On the French landing in Corfu, the Palace was at once given into the charge of a detachment of Chasseurs Alpins (seen on duty in the above illustrations). The Achilleion, or Palace of Achilles, was built in 1891, as a summer marine villa, for the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria (wife of the Emperor Francis Joseph) who was assassinated at Geneva in 1898 by the anarchist Luccheni. It remained vacant until 1907, when the Kaiser, during his visit at the time of his sister's marriage to the

King of Greece, saw it and bought it, with the magnificent grounds surrounding the mansion. For the time being, the Achilleion is serving as a military hospital. Some 500 wounded Serbians, as well as a number of French officers, are housed within its 128 rooms. According to one of the French officers who went round the Palace, the furnishing is elaborate and costly, but is inharmonious and of a crude Germanic type. The general architecture of the building, which has been considerably enlarged and altered since 1907, he describes as a mixture of Grecian, Pompeian, Renaissance, and Byzantine styles, with many touches of the Teutonic rococo. Large tanks of benzine were found underground in the park, which the German custodian of the Palace asserted were there for use in his Imperial Majesty's motor-cars when the Kaiser next visited it. The French officers are said to be sceptical, suggesting, instead, a submarine secret base.

THE FIRE AT THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT: SNOW-COVERED RUINS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



WITH MEMBERS OF A SEARCH-PARTY AMONG THE WRECKAGE: A VIEW OF THE RUINS AFTER THE FIRE; SHOWING THE FAMOUS LIBRARY, WHICH WAS SAVED.

(B)
Perthshire, who entered the first Dominion House of Commons in 1867, and was Premier from 1873 to 1878. The Library is more ornate than the Legislative Chambers, and is a perfect example of the blending of strength with grace. The Senate Chamber and the House of Commons were severe and suggestive of the business side of politics, but the Library is not only well stored with important works, but exceptionally handsome and well proportioned, the height from the floor to the centre of the dome being 140 feet. The shelves contain some 200,000 volumes, and there are many historical manuscripts of great interest and value. The oldest part of the Houses of Parliament was that of the 1859-65 period, and cost a million pounds. In the winter, when the Ottawa is frozen over, sports are held upon it, giving exceptional picturesqueness to the whole scene.

(1)
THE stately Dominion Parliament House at Ottawa, which was partially destroyed by fire on the night of February 3, was one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world, and was situated in a commanding position, like our own Houses of Parliament, or that most imposing of royal residences, Windsor Castle; for it stands upon a height overlooking the Ottawa. Designed upon a Gothic model and built of cream-coloured Canadian sandstone, its beautiful lines were emphasised by the use of red sandstone and Ohio freestone dressings. It was erected in 1859-65. King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, laying the corner-stone during his historic visit to the United States and Canada in 1860. Later, the famous and magnificent Mackenzie Tower (272 feet) was erected and named in memory of Alexander Mackenzie, the great Canadian statesman, a native of

[Continued on page 9]



WHEN WATER WAS STILL BEING PLAYED ON THEM, ALTHOUGH IT WAS FOUR DAYS AFTER THE FIRE:
RUINS OF THE BURNT HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the night of February 3, the magnificent Canadian Parliament Houses, in Ottawa, were the scene of a disastrous outbreak of fire, resulting in the loss of several lives, and the partial destruction of one of the finest public buildings in the world. The Commons were in Session at the time, about 9 p.m., and Sir Robert Borden, the Premier, had a narrow escape, leaving the building without coat or hat. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the ex-Premier, was also in his room, but got away without difficulty, the room being nearer

the main exit from the building. The fire broke out in the reading-room, which is in the rear of and contiguous to the Chamber, and was filled with files of newspapers. Warning was promptly given to Members, but in the confusion of the hurried exit several were overcome by the smoke in the corridors, and Mr. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. Michael Clark were badly burned. One of the last to leave was Mr. McLean, of Halifax, who said that appearances indicated an incendiary explosion,

THE FIRE AT THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSES: RUINS AT OTTAWA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SECOND STOREY OVERLOOKING THE SENATE CHAMBER: WRECKAGE OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT HOUSES—PICTURESQUE IN ITS DESOLATION.

Continued.

but that the suddenness with which the blaze burst out might be due to the extremely inflammable nature of the portion of the building in which it started. The reading-room was constructed of wood, with elaborate decorative work in the same material. Mme. Sevigny, the wife of the Speaker, the Hon. Arthur Sevigny, was entertaining two ladies to dinner in the Speaker's room, both of whom lost their lives. Mme. Sevigny fortunately escaped. Other lives lost were those of Mr. B. E. Law, M.P. for Yarmouth, and

Mr. Laplante, Assistant Clerk of the House. The outbreak was supposed by many to be the work of incendiarism, due, conceivably, to German influence, and several tentative arrests were made; but Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed the view that the fire was accidental, and the Commissioner of the Dominion Police stated that "investigations confirm the theory of the accidental origin of the fire." In view of the ubiquity of the German secret agent, a suspicion of foul play in such disasters is not unnatural.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MUSEUMS IN WAR-TIME.

RECENT utterances by those in authority seem to show that, even now, there is a widespread conviction that museums serve no more useful purpose than to "amuse" the public that they do no more than compete with cinema shows. A generation ago such a standard of comparison might have been justified, since museums were then but little better than curiosity shows, where really valuable specimens were lost amid a farrago of rubbish. But this state of affairs no longer exists, for during the last few years the most strenuous efforts have been made throughout the country not merely to interest, but also to educate the public. This end has been attained by a judicious selection of specimens displayed with a definite purpose. With this new era has come a great widening in the range of subjects thus treated. And among these not the least are such as concern the well-being of the community, such as economic zoology, economic botany, and hygiene.

One of the most striking illustrations which I have yet seen of this latest departure I found, a day or two ago, in the Leicester Museum. Here an "Infant Welfare Exhibition" has been installed for the purpose of focussing attention on the appalling mortality of infants during the first year of life and from largely preventable causes. The actual death-rate is brought home by means of half a dozen wooden shafts, coloured red. The first, standing 11 ft. high, represents the death-rate of children up to one year old. What this means leaps to the eyes by comparison with the column representing the death-rate between sixty and eighty, which stands 4 ft. 11 in. high; while that representing deaths from five to twenty years stands no higher than 2½ in. Nevertheless, the death-rate of Leicester, among young children, is by no means high as compared with other towns of like size. The right and wrong kinds of feeding-bottles, the differences in the properties of human, cow's, and condensed milk, and the evils of "dummies" are all set forth, by means either of actual specimens, or of diagrams, or models. Similarly convincing evidence is afforded of the evil effects attending the use of "push-carts," which are now so commonly used by the poorer classes in place of perambulators, and of the right and wrong kinds of cradles and clothing. In like manner, the danger attending the contamination of food by flies and the need for personal cleanliness are also insisted on in the same graphic fashion. These exhibits have been immensely appreciated by those for whom they

were designed. A crowd of girls of from ten to fifteen years were busily taking notes here at the time of my visit, and parties of mothers are periodically brought by district nurses under the auspices of the Leicester Health Society, which is doing splendid work in this matter of the care of children. I make special mention of this exhibit because it is apparently the only one of its kind in the country, and it is to be hoped that it will be speedily copied.

The provincial museums of to-day, for the most part—and rightly—concentrate all their energies on

How little the place of the museum in our civic life is understood was shown by the recent discussion as to whether the British Museum fulfilled any useful function in war time. I can speak personally only as to the Natural History branch of this Museum, and this has indeed done its part in furthering our great struggle. Since the war began it has been daily visited by large numbers of troops. Some have used it as a halting and resting place during route marches, stacking their rifles outside while they wandered through the galleries. Men of the Royal Field Artillery and of cavalry regiments are brought here to receive instruction in the broad features of equine anatomy, in order that they may take the better care of their horses. Men of the R.A.M.C. come to inspect the exhibits concerned with the fly problem in its relation to disease. And, besides these, convalescents of our Indian and Colonial armies come in charabancs to see the Museum as one of the great "sights" of the Empire for which they have so splendidly risked their lives. Would it be hospitable to shut the doors in their faces? They may never have another opportunity of coming to London. But, besides this, the staff has been able to render very material aid in many ways in a scientific capacity. Help was rendered at a time when frostbite was committing serious ravages among our forces in the field, and in the analysis of fodder and the construction of aircraft. Furthermore, at the special request of the War Office, the Museum undertook to investigate the depredations caused by microlepidoptera and other insects on Army biscuits; and within the last few days it has placed on view a series of pigeons used by the military authorities for conveying messages from the front to the War Office. This exhibit is intended to bring home to casual "pot-hunters" the seriousness of the offence of shooting pigeons just now. Three birds from the loft of Captain Osman are mounted, together with various wild pigeons, to demonstrate the differences, and likeness, between the wild and the domesticated birds. Those who still persist in this form of "sport" are liable to a



"About observing-stations," wrote a British Artillery officer lately, "it would not be wise to say much lest this letter fall into alien hands. Observing-stations are the chief posts of danger in modern artillery work, and the most careful guard is kept on their secrets."

Photograph by C.N.

the formation of collections illustrating the local fauna and flora, fossil and recent, local industries, and local history, supplementing these by special exhibits, such as nature-study, economic zoology and botany, hygiene, and so on. These have a real educational value, since they serve to stimulate interest and widen the outlook on life. Automatically, this scheme of treatment tends to crowd out the promiscuous odds and ends, such as the walking-stick of a General who served in the Crimea, a piece of the rock of Gibraltar, two-headed chickens, and models of Windsor Castle made in cork chips.

heavy penalty should they be convicted of ignoring the warning which has been circulated.

Nor has the Museum failed in its duty in furnishing men for the fighting line. For all its able-bodied men have long since joined his Majesty's forces; while others, above the military age, are rendering service either in ambulance corps or in the Volunteer Reserve. And as much may be said of the parent institution at Bloomsbury. Hence, then, the museums may indeed be said to justify their existence, even in war time.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BARNETT, LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, WHITNEY, AND LANGFORD



LIEUT-COLONEL F. J. BOWKER,
Hampshire Regiment. Was in South
African Campaign. Despatches; both
medals, five clasps.



LIEUT-COLONEL W. M. O'CONNOR,
R.A.M.C., 6th London Field Ambulance.
Officially reported to have died of
wounds.



MAJOR NORMAN MCNEIL GRAY,
Royal Field Artillery. Was in South
African Campaign. Queen's medal, two
clasps. Mortally wounded at Mons.



MAJOR RUPERT J. C. MEYRICKE,
Royal Field Artillery. Died in the Royal
Naval Hospital, Malta. Son of Mr.
Edward Meyricke, Cheltenham.



CAPTAIN A. C. WHITAKER,
West Yorkshire Regiment. Was the
elder son of the Rev. and Mrs. C. P.
Whitaker, Broadclyst, Devon.



CAPTAIN G. C. OLIVER,
2nd Grenadiers, Indian Army. Took
part in resisting attack at Muscat of
3000 tribesmen.



LIEUT. J. C. GARDOM,
Essex Regiment. Eldest son of Mr.
and Mrs. Charles Henry Gardom,
Tadworth.



CAPTAIN G. S. STRITCH,
Connaught Rangers. Son of late George
Seymour Stritch, K.C., and cousin of Sir
Edward Carson.



LIEUT. N. L. WELLS,
Loyal N. Lancashire Regt. Was a pioneer
of the movement to bring Cambridge men
into closer touch with commercial life.



LIEUT. EUGENE L. E. LINDOP,
41st Dogras, Indian Army. Has been
officially reported to have died of wounds
received in action.



CAPT. AND ADJT. ARTHUR E. WARD,
Norfolk Regiment. Reported missing;
now known to have been killed in the
Dardanelles.



LIEUT. W. A. S. PRICHARD,
Northumberland Fusiliers. Reported,
under date of January 29, as having
died.



LIEUT. C. A. M. BINGEN,
Royal Sussex Regiment. Went to front
February 1915; promoted Lieutenant the
following June.



LIEUT. H. A. POLAND,
Royal West Kent Regiment. Was
one of the officers in the charge
on Hill 60.



LIEUT. W. G. (RAE) SMITH,
Of Rhodesia; Army Cyclist Corps. Son
of Mrs. Charles Smith, of Grange Road,
Edinburgh, formerly of Lexham Gardens.



LIEUT. E. S. WILKINSON,
London Regiment and R.F.C. Son of
Spencer Wilkinson, Chichele Professor of
Military History. Killed in aerial fight.



2ND LIEUT. J. S. FAYRER,
37th Dogras, Indian Army. Killed in
Mesopotamia. Son of Lieut.-Col. J. O. S.
Fayrer, late 5th Gurkhas, Paignton.



LIEUT. K. McIVER,
and Nigeria Regiment. Officially re-
ported as having died of wounds in
Cameroon.



LIEUT. J. A. THYNNE, VISCOUNT
WEYMOUTH.
R. Scots Greys. Elder son of the Marquess
of Bath. Killed in France. Aged twenty.



2ND LIEUT. HON. PIERS ST. AUBYN,
King's Royal Rifles. Brother of Lord
St. Levan. Reported missing, Oct. 31, 1914.
Death now presumed.

TURNED AGAINST ITS MASTERS: A GERMAN GUN USED BY THE FRENCH.



ONE OF A NUMBER KEPT AT THE FRONT FOR THE PARTICULAR PURPOSE: A CAPTURED GERMAN "77" USED BY THE FRENCH IN CHAMPAGNE TO FIRE CAPTURED GERMAN SHELLS.

The French have so many captured German field-guns—taken at different times at many places since the pursuit after the Battle of the Marne; in trench-stormings on the Aisne, and in action in Champagne, Flanders, Lorraine and Alsace—that they are able to turn their booty to various uses. A number of those most worn out by constant firing, or battered in action, are kept, for instance, on view as trophies at the Invalides. Others, the newest and best and the least damaged on service of the German "77's," have been sent to the Creusot ordnance factories, where, by means of a simple and cleverly effected

process, it has been found practicable to convert them into very passable "75's" of the regulation French pattern, thus rendering the guns available with French ammunition. Again, a number of others found in working order (one of which is shown in the illustration above) are being turned to account without alteration, and in a very neatly ingenious way. They are purposely kept at the front to pay the enemy back, so to speak, in his own coin, being used for bombarding the German lines with the large quantities of German shells found in trenches taken by the French, particularly in Champagne.



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LORD STRATHCONA.

THAT "The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal" (Cassell) should be written and published even in war time was inevitable; that Mr. Beckles Willson should have been chosen to write it is fortunate, for if he is not always relevant, he is generally interesting.



OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS: THE TURKISH CONSULATE AT SALONIKA.

The German, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian Consuls at Salonika were arrested immediately after the enemy's air-raid there, and were placed on board a French war-ship. It was subsequently stated that, through the good offices of the United States, they were to be released.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

and his discretion is amazing. It is often assumed by those who have some slight knowledge of or interest in the question, that Donald A. Smith, who started life as a clerk in the service of the Hudson Bay Company at a salary of twenty pounds a year, leapt suddenly into the control of Canadian interests on his way to be Member of Parliament, Governor of the Company, a promoter of the Canadian Pacific Railway, millionaire, High Commissioner, Peer of the Realm, and the rest. The facts contradict the theory. Until Donald Smith was in

his fiftieth year he was unknown outside the ranks of the Hudson Bay Company, in which service he had shown all the characteristics associated with the great majority of Scotland's business men—the level head, the shrewd intelligence, the forethought, the economy and sobriety. Scottish upbringing multiplies the type; it conquers the earth silently and unostentatiously. Mr. Smith had more than the ordinary range of gifts, and far more than the average opportunity. He was in his prime when Canada was moving towards federation, when the West was about to be opened up, and railways, if not on the prairie, were in the air. He took his chances—and he succeeded. Mr. Willson is sometimes a little more reticent about ways and means than older men who have spent their life in Canada, and have talked there to the writer of this note with freedom born of their native air. They profess to tell how Mr. Smith became a millionaire several times over; Mr. Willson does not mention the matter. For the men who were prepared to live dangerously, grasp occasion, and work ceaselessly, Canada has held rewards beyond reckoning. To Donald Smith the Louis Riel rebellion provided the first great chance of a lifetime: it brought him before the governing classes, and revealed to them a strong man with certain of the qualities of a diplomat and some innate influence over his fellows. That he was at once offered the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba is significant; that he declined the office, choosing to remain with the Hudson Bay Company, is evidence of the fact that he had superb self-confidence. Mr. Willson has been so concerned with the progress of Canada and the management of the Hudson Bay Company that more than two hundred and fifty pages of his bulky volume are exhausted before we arrive at Mr. Smith's entry into the Parliament of the newly constituted province of Manitoba, where he was at once granted leave of absence to attend the Dominion House of Commons, to which he had been elected by the Conservatives of the Selkirk Division. He is quite justified, for it was given to Donald Smith to carry all before him, to show his considerable gifts to advantage under all circumstances; and there is not in the life-story of men whose success is uniform a tithe of the interest that there is in the lives of those who have to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The history of Canadian railway enterprise as set out by Mr. Willson deserves very careful study. It is not on all fours with some other accounts written or verbal, but is full of interest, and may give rise to reflections that do not need to be set out. The reader feels that Mr. Willson has a genuine admiration for the significant figure whose life-story he has traced, and the biography is one of the most instructive records that have been penned recently. He has done his work well, and has contrived to capture his readers' interest at once, and to hold it, unbroken, to the final page.

Publishing is a somewhat novel branch of insurance business, but that it may be a very interesting and useful one is shown by "The British Dominions Year-Book, 1916," issued by the British Dominions General Insurance

Company, 1, Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C. The book has developed from the company's previous volume, "War Facts and Figures," issued a year ago. It might be described as a sort of super-magazine covering the progress of the war to date, and touching on many cognate problems of the past and future. There are many signed articles by well-known experts, for instance, Mr. J. T. Jane writes on the Navy, Sir L. Chiozza Meno on "A Business-like Empire," Mr. H. Massacra Faist on motor-velocettes, Lady St. Helier on "Woman's Sphere." Besides these, there are many articles of an informative or statistical character on various matters of war, trade, finance, and politics, a list of V.C.'s, and a "Who's Who in the War." The book is illustrated by maps and other colour-plates, including naval and military badges, and by diagrams of new instruments of warfare.



WHERE THE ALLIES FOUND QUITE AN ARSENAL: THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE AT SALONIKA, OCCUPIED BY ZOUAVES.

On searching the Austrian Consulate, the French found 180 rifles, 150 revolvers, 20 dynamite cartridges, a parcel of explosives, 50 cartridge-belts, 50 Turkish uniforms, 2000 Turkish flags, and 2000 red cloth armlets bearing the Crescent.—[Illustrations Bureau.]

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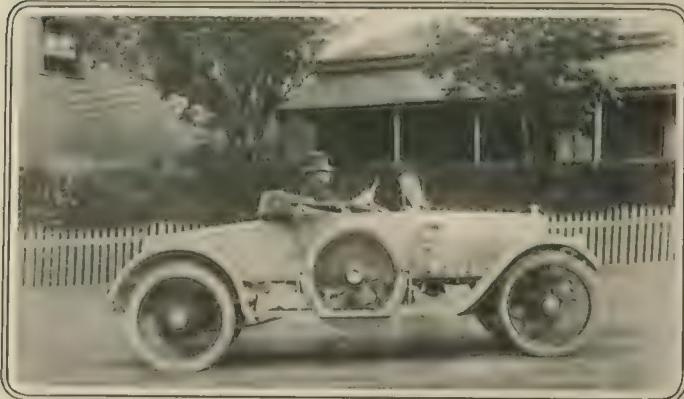
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Strict Economy. Judging by the letters received from to-day concerned with only one problem—how to effect strict economy in the necessary use of their cars. With the present high price of petrol, cars that consume a gallon of fuel for covering a distance of twenty miles, and many even a less distance, are too expensive to run for the mere pleasure of the pastime, unless the owners' incomes are considerable. Those of moderate means have laid up their cars for this reason, or else are negotiating for smaller ones, that they can afford to themselves, and that will run forty miles to sixty miles to the gallon of fuel. Even with this high mileage, it requires careful handling to reduce the total cost of running from 2d. to 1½d. per mile, carrying two persons. For this reason it behoves all drivers to pay more attention to their machines, so that they can get the utmost mechanical efficiency from them. Engines must be kept clean; no loss of compression should be allowed to escape by faulty-fitting piston-rings; carburetters must be adjusted and tuned up to use the minimum of fuel; brakes must be handled gingerly so as to save tire wear; while great attention must be paid to the general lubrication of not only the transmission, but the springs, shackles, steering, and other moving parts to avoid waste of power.



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MR. F. WEBSTER ON HIS 20-H.P. EXTRA-STRONG COLONIAL NAPIER.

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Government Appeal. The National Organising Committee for War Saving has issued an appeal through the Press Bureau to motorists

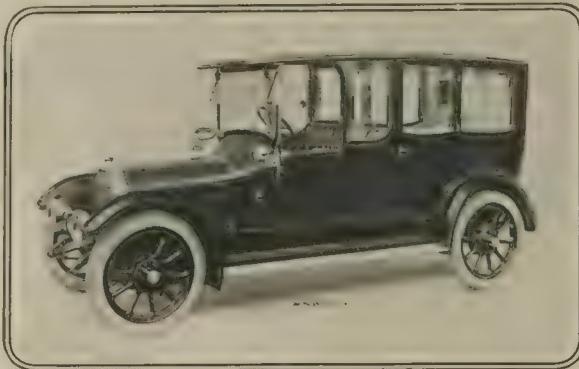
to refrain from pleasure motoring, in order to release the chauffeur from private employ, to lessen the consumption of petrol and tyres, and thus to save the transportation in our merchant-vessels of rubber and fuel, or, at any rate, to lessen it. It is the duty of all the motoring community to harken to this appeal, yet the trader feels bound to take his week-end run to advertise the car he is selling, while the merchant, weary after his week's work, needs the run in his car to recuperate his exhausted energy in the open air. The powers that be call for a halt in all forms of recreation for the sake of national economy. In fact, one is asked to go back to the times of Charles II, when the Great Plague was at its zenith, and stop going to all places of amusement, or doing aught to spend money in any direction, except for absolute necessities. Thus the Government officials

have taken upon themselves

the mantles of the fanatical preachers of that epoch who cried, "Woe, Woe is upon ye all! repent!" from your extravagances. Truly, this war is a Great Plague, but if amusements are hurtful to the community, let us be fair and stop them all, and not victimise the motorist alone.

Relief Fund. At a meeting of employees of the Arrol-Johnston Company, held on Feb. 1, 1915, it was decided to inaugurate an A.-J. War Relief Fund, with a view to extending assistance to necessitous dependents of workers who had volunteered for active service. Schemes of this nature invariably receive the support of the Company itself, and Mr. T. C. Pullinger, the

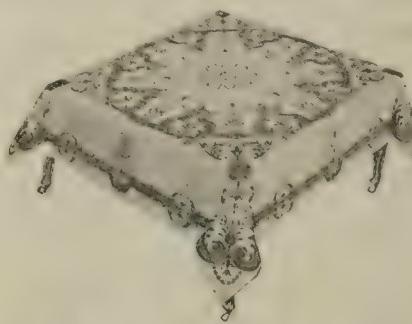
Managing-Director, informed those responsible for the projection of the fund that the Arrol-Johnston Company would supplement the subscriptions to the extent



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of 50 per cent. The fund has received consistent support from all the workers throughout the shops, and the account for the first twelve months records that £833 12s. 1d. has been subscribed. The administration is carried out direct, and a general committee keeps in close touch by monthly meetings. There is also an urgency committee, which is empowered to deal immediately with cases demanding relief. This means that within an hour or so after an application for assistance has been made, the case is investigated and relieved. During twelve months donations have been granted to thirteen institutions, and over forty cases have been generously dealt with. It is of interest to note that out of about 600 employees, 124 offered their services to the country, and unfortunately several of them have already given their lives.

New Depots. To cope with their rapidly increasing business, Messrs. Wood-Milne, Ltd., have found it necessary to open depots at Manchester and Leeds. The address of the former is 21, Albion Street, Gaythorn, Manchester; and that at Leeds, 94, Albion Street. It is stated that the demand for the Wood-Milne Patent Foot-Pump has developed into a veritable "boom." This is not surprising, seeing that the bulk of cars going to the Front carry one of these pumps as part of their equipment. The fact of this ever-growing demand is about the most convincing proof possible of efficiency. W. W.



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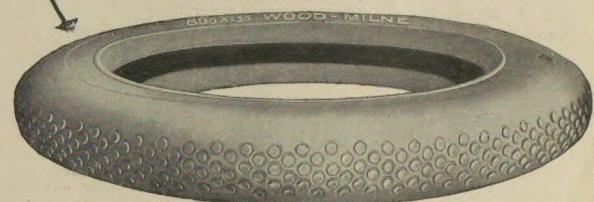
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LADIES' PAGE.

EARLY SPRING FASHIONS.

PARIS dress-designers are busy trying their utmost to evolve some new and fascinating things for women to buy and wear; but, with a certain sense that it is out of place at present to compel complete changes in the frocks and frills of the women of the combatant countries, the designers hasten to explain that they are actually working now for the United States and South American ladies. Moreover, they plead, it is incumbent on those engaged in the great fashion industry to maintain during the war the business reputation that they possess, and to keep their connection together, in order that when the revival of trade comes, which will be sorely needed after the war, the usual customers of Paris from foreign lands will not have contracted the disastrous habit of going to some other source for their ideas. But there is not much danger of Paris ceasing to lead the world of dress: whence can come the competition? Assuredly not from the Germans—we know German women's fashions too well. The Rev. J. Hales, who was for ten months a prisoner in the land of the Huns, sarcastically described the women who came to the trains with refreshments and refused him and the rest of the English prisoners a mouthful of water or food, as "ladies who seemed of the same width from the shoulders to the feet"; and the uncouth clothes, demeanour, and manners of the German women were a shocking blot on the landscape of the Riviera even while they tried to follow French taste.

How curious it is, by the way, to note the persistence of national traits through the generations! Froissart, in the fourteenth century, records that the knights of every other nation, when taken prisoners of war, could be trusted to go on parole to procure their own ransom; if he could not be raised, the knight would return; but the German knights utterly lacked this sense of common honour and decency. In the seventeenth century, again, our King Charles the Second, who in his exile had lived much in contact with these people, wrote in a private letter to his sister, "Madame," on hearing that one of her great friends was about to marry a German Prince, the Duke of Mecklenbourg, "I am too much Madame de Châtillon's servant to tell her that I am glad that she is married into Germany; if she knew the country, that's to say, the way of living there, and the people, so well as I do, she would suffer very much in France before she would change countries." A curious commentary on national inheritance! So we may be sure the world will not want German fashions in dress.

At present, novel designs are numerous, but the success of any of them is still uncertain. Much fuller skirts,

of course, are quite established: so much so that it is possible that an attempt to insidiously introduce crinoline—"just a line of stiffening round the foot of the skirt," the modiste enticingly says—may be successful, if not deliberately rejected by purchasers. The latest notion

mode, and in that day quickly led on to exaggeration: women were sometimes seen then over six feet wide below the waist, and one fine day a sailor, meeting two ladies of fashion in a narrow street, which they so fully occupied that he was unable to get past them, was constrained to take a flying leap over the centre of their puffed skirts. Such is the usual way of fashions! At present, these paniers held out by wires are seen only on trial models, but the notion comes from an influential Paris source.

Other advance models are reminiscent of Velasquez portraits. This means wide basques, deep pleated collars moulding the shoulders, and wide cuffs, also *plissés*, turned up to near the elbow. Here, again, wide hips, the skirts flattened from front and back projecting to the sides, are a feature. These wide hips naturally tend to emphasise the waist by making it seem smaller. In the more simple new designs also there is a decided tendency to outline the shape of the waist more than has been done for some years.

It is quite a novelty to see again a gown fastened right down the middle of the front of the figure with good-sized and fairly close-set buttons; and this is a fashion that is now being revived. The model was of aubergine-purple Georgette crêpe and taffetas of the same tone. The corsage was entirely in the filmy material, which was slightly pleated over a well-fitted lining, and it was fastened directly from neck to waist with close-set, cut-steel buttons the size of a sixpenny piece. The skirt, of the silk, was gathered very full on to a cord that edged the waist-line, and it was trimmed round the bottom with three flat bands of the crêpe, each edged and headed with a very narrow line of small steel bead embroidery.

A similar design was in mole-coloured taffetas, which made a very full skirt, overhung by a tunic still fuller, coming to a point in front and cut away to a mere basque-length at the back, edged with a gathered frill of the same. The corsage, also of the silk, was cut to fit, and slightly wrinkled, and there were half-a-dozen buttons of bright enamel closing it to the bust, where it was cut away to insert a chemisette of white tulle with a deep collar of the Medici order rising from it high behind the bare throat; the sleeves were of grey crêpe over white chiffon lining. The majority of the corsages are closed up to the throat, but still a good many, like that just described, are cut down a little in front to reveal the throat. Boleros of silk matching the full skirts, with transparent under-corsages, or vests of lace, is another popular arrangement. Chiffon or crêpe or Ninon will be greatly used in combination with firmer fabrics, and especially made up with taffetas.

FILOMENA.



PRETTY FASHIONS FOR THE EVENING.

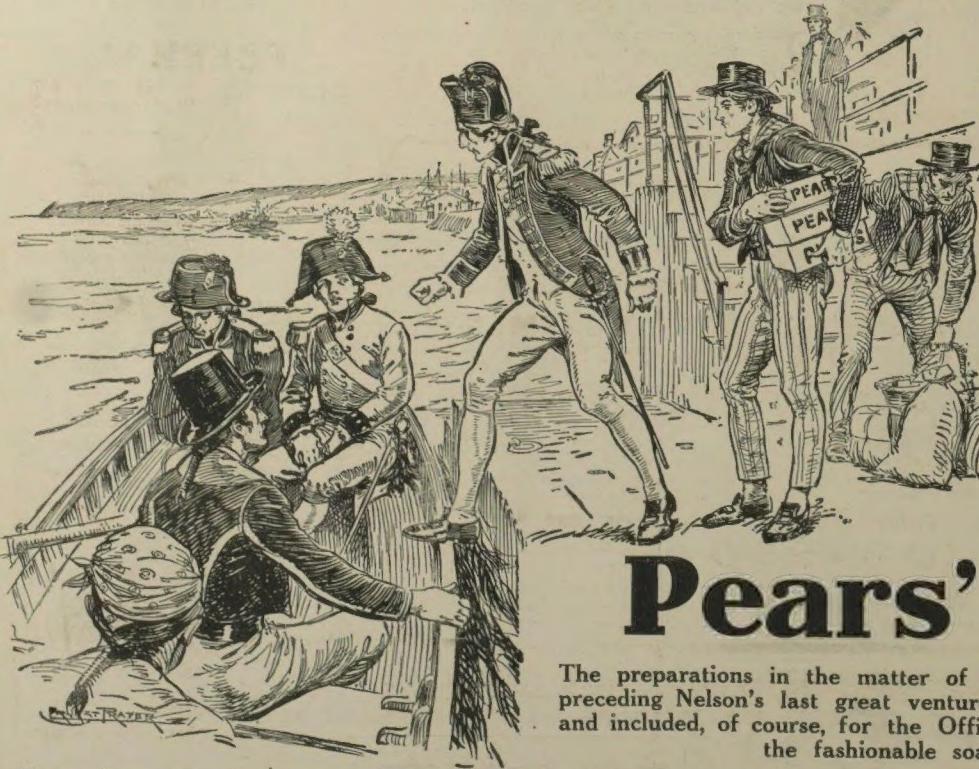
On the left-hand and centre figures are seen pretty examples of Ninon coats for wear over tea-gowns. One is made of printed Ninon, and the other of plain Ninon, with a collar of fur, and trimmed with bands of black velvet. The right-hand figure wears a picturesque dinner-dress carried out in Pompadour silk and black velvet.

in this direction, however, is slightly to wire out puffings or paniers on the hips. This is a revival of the Louis XV.

greatly

used in combination with firmer fabrics, and especially made up with taffetas.

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ELECTRICITY ALWAYS STIMULATES HAIR-GROWTH HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL

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All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair-growth by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained



"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."



"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind!"

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamp for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1209E), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full instructions will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.



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Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

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Dept. P., Rutland Street, Leicester.

WAR POEMS—GRAVE AND GAY.

THERE is a poignant contrast between two little books of poems we have lately received, both inspired by the war, one reflecting its sorrow and the other its joys. Let us take the sad one first—the dark cloud before the silver lining. It is called "In Honour," an Elegy, by a Father (Constable), and the subject is his son who has been killed in battle—

We heard how nobly he had passed,
His post of honour to the last
Saving against unmeasured odds,
True to his country's trust and God's.

That is the central fact of a long poem in which the grief of the parents, and their memories, find expression in a variety of mood and metre. The verse is marked, naturally, by deep sincerity of feeling; also by considerable imaginative power, poetic beauty, and scholarly form. It will appeal to thousands of readers who have suffered similar bereavement, and who will find consolation in this felicitous expression of their common grief and the religious aspirations to which it gives rise. In its philosophic questionings and reflections the poem pursues, like "In Memoriam," a meandering and intermittent channel of thought. Here and there we find occasional verbal reminiscences of Tennyson's great elegy, as in the line on the last page—

And some in English earth are laid.

Nevertheless, the poem possesses distinct individuality, both of thought and diction, and deserves a niche in the temple of memorial literature.

From the note of parental mourning we turn to the note of joyous youth in a voice which might almost be that of the son whom "A Father" laments. "More Ballads of Field and Billet; and Other Verses," by W. Kersley Holmes (Paisley: Alexander Gardner), is the work of a man on active service, and has in it all the cheeriness and zest of the patriot who has answered his country's call. In verse that is simple and fluent, yet not without music and style, hovering lightly between humour and pathos, and sometimes tragedy, he describes scenes and characters of the soldier's life in the field—

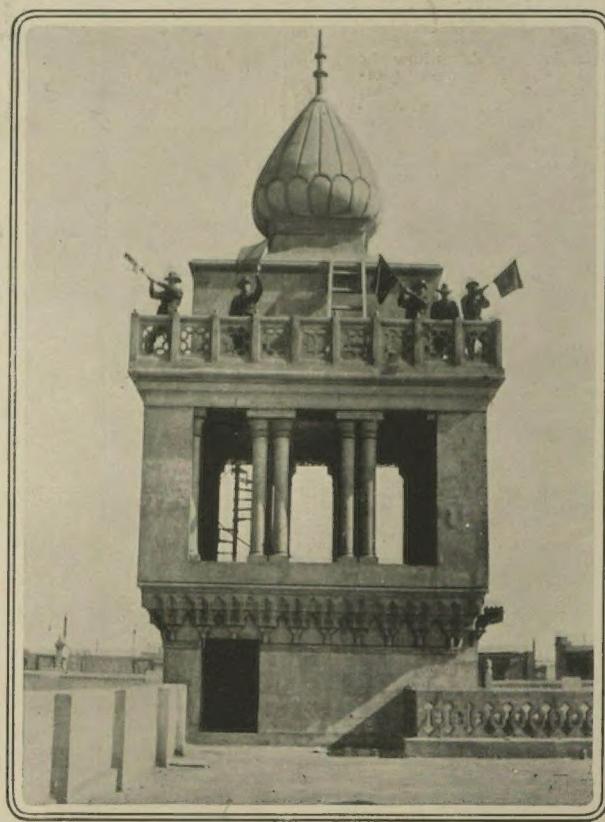
And we each night win dreamless rest, though straight and hard our beds,
With sword and rifle in array above our weary heads;
One strong, set purpose masters care. True are the Prophet's words—
We, too, have found a paradise between the shade of swords.

Here is the silver lining! Here is the best consolation to those who mourn for fallen sons and brothers. These

men taste the joy of sacrifice and the supreme content that springs from a sense of duty fulfilled. They may die untimely; but, before they die, theirs is that "crowded hour of glorious life" which is "worth an age without a name." Those who prolong their

A PAINTER OF DREAMS.

THE first sixty pages of Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling's "A Painter of Dreams, and Other Biographical Studies" (The Bodley Head) make an idle reading as anything we have seen put up into book form: sixty pages of unblushing, bulky, desultory idleness, gathered from a "book of extracts" written out by Diana Bosville, and here adorned with editorial commentary. Diana Bosville, a real body, and friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made her extracts during the second half of the eighteenth century. On one page we get an account "published in all the newspapers in the month of Sept. 1781" of a large, a very large, cluster of grapes cut by the Duke of Portland at Welbeck; on another an epitaph, on another the inevitable jest of the man who protested that even if he were born in a stable he was no horse, on another a pun on Foote, on another the account of an execution—not Diana's own account, but one copied, with all the rest, from the newspapers. Between many of the entries her editor speculates as to Diana's own opinions—she is always called Diana, with the desperat intention, of course, of introducing the personal note—on the facts she enters at second-hand. It is idle speculation, more idle than the extracts; and the two degrees of idleness make quite a readable chapter for the idler who is dormant in all of us. In other chapters there is better stuff, material drawn from new sources. Such, particularly, is the case in "A Painter of Realities" and "A Painter of Dreams"—the one, Herring; the other the pre-Raphaelite Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the uncle of the editor. Family papers have been made use of, and Mrs. Stirling has constructed a vivid enough picture of a character difficult to grasp in the familiar literature of the School. We get the family view of Roddam's painter friends, and of what Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope calls High Art, of which in the beginning she has her suspicions. After visiting Watts, and finding extra candles lighted in her honour, she writes, "I do not think there is much harm in him"; later, indeed, he stays with her—"not an expensive guest, as he drinks nothing but water"—in order to paint with Roddam: "I wish you could see," writes Lady Elizabeth, "the horrible, naked, mutilated figures from the Elgin Marbles with which he intends to decorate the Governesses' Institution!" Herring, whom the Stanhopes discovered while he was still a coachman, was a man of less elusive talent. It is not only to country squires that Roddam Spencer Stanhope's achievement appears nebulous, unconvincing, and unconvinced.



"ANZACS" IN EGYPT: AUSTRALIANS AT SIGNALLING PRACTICE IN CAIRO.
These Australian soldiers are on the tower of one of the hotels at Helipolis. With a heliograph they can send and receive messages between that place and the Pyramids—a distance of fifteen miles.—[Photograph by Topical.]

days in security and ease are granted no such hours of spiritual exaltation: yet they too must die.

Roddam Spencer Stanhope's achievement appears nebulous, unconvincing, and unconvinced.

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